

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 12, No. 20 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Prop. } Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 1, 1899.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), \$2. Whole No. 592

Things in General.

REV. M. F. FALLON, O.M.I., an Ottawa priest, seems to be irrepressible. He began in Ottawa some time ago a crusade against the coronation oath of Queen Victoria, in which she has to disclaim certain doctrines which from time to time have very much disturbed Great Britain. Some time ago I wrote an article on the question and held it back, hoping that the movement that Father Fallon had inaugurated would die. From a letter which appears from him in the *Mail and Empire*, criticizing the address recently delivered at Port Hope by the Grand Master of the Provincial Grand Orange Lodge of Ontario, it is evident that his crusade is not a merely local attempt to reintroduce religion into our politics, but must be part of a propaganda. He concludes his letter by saying: "Surely in our efforts to have removed from the statute books this last remnant of bitter and barbarous times we may expect the aid and the sympathy of all fair-minded Protestants." As the question at issue is an oath which was administered some sixty years ago to Queen Victoria, and which may not be administered again for a number of years, and which at worst or best, whichever we may call it, is not liable to be a source of irritation unless agitators take hold of the matter, it would seem wise for the newspapers, and for Father Fallon and whoever is behind him, to drop out of the discussion of it, insomuch as it can only create hard feeling; and in view of the agitation against High Church practices in England, no sentiment is liable to be found to support any change of the British Constitution to suit the little clique in Ottawa which seems to be devoting itself to renewing in Canada a sectarian agitation.

I quote from a sermon said to have been delivered by Father Fallon some months ago, in which he presents his case. As the whole of the subject matter offered to us simply involves a theological discussion, it may be well to glance at what is in it and find its bearing upon the old question which so often presents itself to us, of religion in politics.

Rev. Dr. Fallon's sermon expressed the belief that the oath taken by Queen Victoria on November 20, 1837, was an insult to all her Roman Catholic subjects. In his sermon Dr. Fallon said: "In part it reads: 'I, by the grace of God, King or Queen of England, etc., do swear and declare, that I do believe in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any transubstantiation of the elements of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, and that the invocation and adoration of the Blessed Virgin Mary, or any other saint, and the sacrifice of the mass as now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous.'"

Dr. Fallon asked: "What a shame it was to oblige a girl of eighteen to take such an oath. What did she know of the doctrines she condemned? Why should she insult such a large number of her subjects who profess these doctrines, and who are loyal to the British Crown, and to whom nothing is dearer than the welfare of England? There is no schoolroom before the eyes of which she can be held, and the church she condemns as superstitious and idolatrous. In time Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, will be called upon to take that oath. What does he know of transubstantiation? If death should intervene, and the young son of Prince George, an infant, become the head of the Church of England, what would he know of these doctrines that he should condemn them? It is time the Catholics of this empire should have that oath removed."

I am not going to enter into the argument as to whether this oath should be taken or not, though I doubt if the British people who think they have reasons for being strongly Protestant will ever consent to a change. What interests me is Rev. Dr. Fallon's question, "What did Queen Victoria know of the doctrines she condemned in her oath?" He says she was only eighteen years old, but it must be remembered that at that age she was probably the most carefully educated young woman of the time. No pains had been spared to train her mind or to make her acquainted with the affairs with which she was expected to deal. Then again the reverend doctor asks, "What does the Prince of Wales know of transubstantiation?" The Prince is a man of nearly sixty years of age, of mature experience, and has been taught as carefully as possible to know his duties and to understand not only what the coronation oath means to him, but what it means to his prospective subjects.

However, for the sake of argument we will admit that neither Queen Victoria nor the Prince of Wales understands transubstantiation, though one has repudiated it and the other will have to repudiate it when becoming the sovereign of Great Britain. The question then formulates itself, What do the children and young people in the Roman Catholic Church know of this doctrine, though in order to be received into the Church they must affirm their belief in it? Can the reverend doctor reasonably contend that the little ones robed in white who go to their first communion understand these doctrines better than did Queen Victoria at eighteen or does the Prince of Wales, who is nearly threescore years of age? If it, then, be so helious to repudiate a doctrine without understanding it, is it proper for those with still less light to accept it? Furthermore, is it proper for the Church to accept communicants, knowing full well, according to Rev. Dr. Fallon's theory, that they do not understand it nor many other things which they are forced to accept or be denied the privileges of the Church?

In Protestant churches as well as in the Roman Catholic Church communicants are also forced to subscribe to many things which they cannot understand and which the carefully trained reason cannot make clear. Of course it is urged that these things are matters of faith, not of reason, but if it is proper to accept a thing without understanding it, is it not also proper to repudiate it because we cannot understand it if it is no literal part of Bible teaching? Who, for instance, really understands this article of faith taken from the Westminster Confession:

"In the unity of the Godhead there be three persons, of one substance, power and eternity; God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. The Father is of none, neither begotten nor proceeding; the Son is eternally begotten of the Father; the Holy Ghost eternally proceeding from the Father and the Son."

Or this one taken from the Church of England Book of Common Prayer:

"There is but one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts, or passions, of infinite power, wisdom and goodness; the Maker and Preserver of all things both visible and invisible. And in unity of the Godhead there be three persons, of one substance, power and eternity, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost."

Also the following from the Morning Prayer of the same book:

"The Catholic faith is this: That we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity, neither confounding the Persons nor dividing the substance. For there is one Person of the Father, another of the Son and another of the Holy Ghost. So in all things, as is aforesaid, the Unity in Trinity and the Trinity in Unity is to be worshipped."

I am unaware of any Scriptural demand for the acceptance of these involved articles of belief. The human mind cannot follow them and the human lips should not be forced to affirm them. All these doctrines, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, may be sound, but what is to happen to those who cannot understand them and think it would be an untruth to affirm their belief in them? Under these circumstances it seems to me that Dr. Fallon's crusade against the coronation oath will do no good, for affirmations or denials of doctrine touch but few of us unless they come up as controversial subjects.

At one time debates between ministers of various denominations were quite common in schoolhouses as well as churches, and when two clergymen were not to be had for an argument in a public place, agnostics and defenders of sacred revelation were to be found to argue much involved questions before gaping audiences more willing to laugh as the speakers indulged in personalities than to weep when religion was being turned into a farce. For years, in this country at least, these debates, which made more agnostics than Christians and almost invariably resulted in hard feeling, have been abandoned, and it would be well for us in Canada if we could keep clear of contro-

versial exhibitions. Few people really care what dogmas Queen Victoria has accepted or rejected; we know that there is religious freedom in the Empire and she has been a great and virtuous ruler, and consequently we need not bother ourselves about the coronation oath.

Divorces are not easily granted in Canada, but sometimes difficulties are put in the way of those who have a proper right to ask for separation. In the early days of the present session at Ottawa a Toronto man asked for legal separation from his wife. The wife had deserted the husband and a family of seven children and was living in open adultery with another man. The husband sued as one unable to pay for the relief asked for, and though the whole affair was plain to everybody there were Senators who were opposed to granting his petition. Is not this carrying formal marital fidelity too far? What sympathy can there be for a wife who deserts seven children and her husband? Her conduct since her desertion of those who had the greatest claim upon her has been such as to show that she has no Scriptural, legal, moral nor any other right to be regarded as a wife. The majority in the Senate, fortunately for itself and society at large, took this view of it, but the opposition to the bill of divorce showed that the Senate is not only anxious to prevent such legal separations, but to exact the whole bill of costs, a bill so great as to deter anyone who does not sue as a pauper or is not wealthy, from attempting to free himself or herself from one who is disgraceful in conduct, incompatible in temper, and liable to ruin the innocent ones who are left even remotely under the care of such a heartless, shameless and improver person.

It is useless to make comparisons between the divorces granted in Canada and those granted in the United States, as was done in the discussion over the case in question. It may be quite true that in twenty years the Senators have granted but 110 divorces while during the same period 400,000 divorces have

been granted in the United States. Few people really care what dogmas Queen Victoria has accepted or rejected; we know that there is religious freedom in the Empire and she has been a great and virtuous ruler, and consequently we need not bother ourselves about the coronation oath.

MONGST other things, the United States is still agitating itself with regard to a through railroad to Buenos Ayres. The distance is only 10,200 miles, of which nearly five thousand is covered by lines already built. The idea is to carry the furthermost line from Mexico through Central America, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Paraguay and to connect with a line running to Buenos Ayres. What earthly use the road would be when constructed I cannot see. Freight could not be carried that distance with a profit, and passengers would find it much easier and more pleasant to travel by steamer. However, the expansion idea in the United States is such a huge movement that aid may be lent to this balloon route, which when completed, for a road-bed and bridges, exclusive of the rails, would cost \$175,000,000. The most expensive and difficult section of the proposed line would be in Colombia, Ecuador and Peru, where the road skirts the Andes for 3,600 miles at an estimated cost of \$125,000,000.

Still another scheme of the Expansionists is to find a cause of quarrel with one or more of the Central American states, capture it, use it as a means of forcing the Nicaragua canal to

question about our permanence, predominance and security.

Men are not disposed to be prudish; particularly is this true of the men who frequent saloons and sit in the little rooms "contagious," as it were, to the bar, but none of the better class of people who sit down for a smoke or a drink in these public places can endure the sound of a woman's voice in an adjoining stall. Nothing more definitely proves the gradual abandonment of bar-room drinking and the drinking habit itself than the tendency of hotels to provide private rooms for their guests. Of course one has to shut one's eyes to the evil of the whole thing before remarking that these little rooms are frequently used by men who have little transactions which they wish to close, or private conversations in which they wish to engage, and for these things they find them very convenient. A couple of men drop in and have a drink and a smoke and no great harm is done—perhaps a little deal is concluded; and as long as the public houses last men will use them, not only to satisfy their thirst, but as a place of rendezvous. Women have no business in such places, and the complaint which has found voice in an evening newspaper that these private stalls are being used by women should receive immediate attention. I have never been a Prohibitionist, but the first public movement of any magnitude that I engaged in after coming to Toronto was for the separation of the grocery and liquor businesses. I certainly believe that the place that sells liquor should sell nothing else, except, perhaps, cigars. Women who go to buy their groceries should not be tempted to carry a bottle home in their basket. Neither should women be allowed into these drinking-places, where, if they are encouraged, they are almost sure, if respectable at the outset, to meet their ruin.

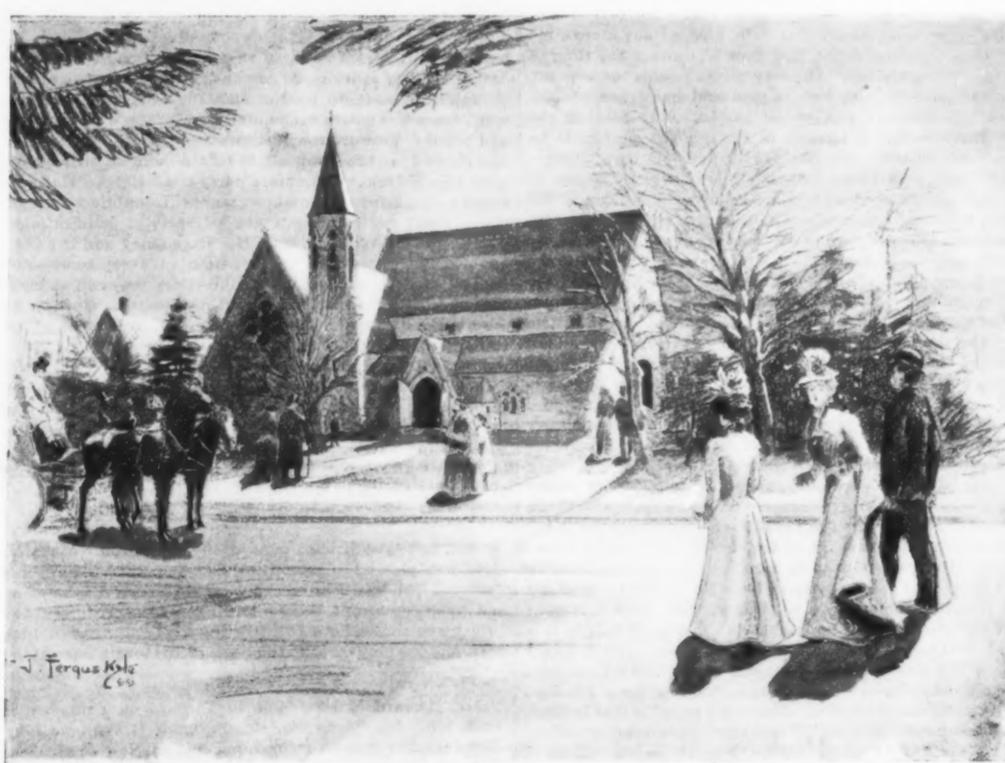
As a rule it is not women who are even relatively respectable who go into such places. The hotelkeeper who permits *declassées* women under any circumstances is an ass. His so-called respectable trade will fall off at once, because business men who often find a hotel a convenient place to meet transient business acquaintances will not tolerate the presence of drinking women on the same premises. Both from the standpoint of mankind, woman-kind and the maintenance of law and order and decency in the hotel business, everyone should combine to put a stop to the very limited and yet disgraceful practice of a few hotels in permitting women to occupy, even for a few moments, these private rooms. Surely everybody appreciates the decencies of life well enough not to be even remotely concerned in placing slippery steps beneath the feet of the weaker sex.

EDUCATIONAL affairs in Toronto have not been escaping from unpleasant disturbances. Mr. McFarren has taken upon himself, as every citizen supporting it has a right to do, the inspection of the Church street public school. It is one of the newest, most commodious and best managed schools in the city, but a number of children attending it having been attacked by scarlet fever, and one of Mr. McFarren's offspring being amongst the number, its sanitary condition became suspected and the said Mr. McFarren felt himself called upon to become the apostle of investigation. A circular was issued purporting to have emanated from Mr. McFarren, in which parents were practically told that if they sent their children to the school and they died in consequence, the parental conscience should convict itself of murder.

The ethics of our city government seem to afford latitude for a great deal of violence of speech, some of which appears to be justified by the extraordinary charges which citizens make when they find themselves unable, rightly or wrongly, to establish the truth of their assertions. Yet the trouble, the vast amount of trouble which some of these people call "cranks" take and cause, often brings good to the community in the end. If the system of ventilation in the Church street school is bad—and we know that considerable scarlet fever has been spread through the district which supplies it with children—then the ears of the trustees and officials should be open to the complaints of all those who feel that they have suffered. It is quite true in the case referred to that the health inspector, who is said to have made only one test, reported the building in a sanitary condition. The fact that a great many cases of fever have occurred in the school remains the same. Moreover, it is useless for trustees to argue that if the system be thrown out of one school there are a dozen or fourteen others supplied with the same system, which would have to be changed. In a matter of this sort, as in a matter of food, the people of Toronto are not prepared to have their children subjected to unsanitary conditions in order to save the price of modern improvements. If water closets are less liable to cause disease than the dry earth system, they should be introduced. It is easier to pay for this sort of thing than for parents to undergo the hardships and expenses of isolation and a sick family.

It is a pity that those who have charge of our affairs should so frequently develop into nonentities or violent adherents or opponents of some one system or another. It took the City Council a year to decide on elevators for the City Hall, which had no connection with sanitation, yet when a question of diseased meat or unhealthy schoolhouses comes up, nothing can be done, apparently, unless someone makes a most violent clamor, indulges in exaggerated and perhaps untrue charges, and by such sensational means attracts public attention to the subject complained of.

ANTICIPATING publication day by twenty-four hours, as is the habit of SATURDAY NIGHT when Friday is a holiday, we must of course be a trifle behind in chronicling local events. Good Friday and Easter, while they are entirely theological in their basis and traced by the Passover may be historically accurate as to dates, should be observed if for no other reason than that humankind has selected this period for the commemoration of the death and resurrection of Christ. In my own conception of the God-man I have no idea that He desired for a moment to be the praise-loving personage which He has been made. Love for Him and respect for Him come from the heart, and it will be remembered that He did not make any ruling that His death and resurrection should be specially commemorated. Like all the great heroes who die after having lived for humanity, and having by their lives and teachings brought us closer to the God idea of goodness, loving-kindness and self-sacrifice, He died without any injunctions that we should observe His birthday or the day on which He died or the day on which He rose victorious over death. I am afraid that the public idea that is so generally propagated by church services is that Christ left some injunction to His people to sing His praises and to celebrate certain festivals in His honor. Except in the case of the Sacrament of the Lord's Day it was not so. He asked us for nothing of this sort; He lived for no ephemeral and cheap *éclat* of this variety. His mission seems to me to have been to get people to act like Him, and not to satisfy their consciences by celebrating His anniversaries. The Man who was a man and a God at the same time was essentially one of ourselves, and it is to be feared that the formalities which we engage in make us forget that every day is the day that He hoped to influence us and to find us His imitators. Instead of this we satisfy ourselves with Christmas and Easter, with mumbled prayers and a little pretentiousness. For these reasons I look with little favor on special fast days, special occasions, special ceremonial, revivals, and organizations to promote special piety at special seasons. Every day is Christ's day, and I am quite sure that those who live nearest Him every day, and try to do, in spite of all their weaknesses and yieldings to temptation, what He would have them do, on three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, need not concern themselves greatly as to what special things of human origin they leave undone on the anniversaries of which so much is made.



Easter Sunday—St. Paul's Church, Toronto.

been granted in the United States. If it is a matter of justice it certainly should not be a matter of statistics. If it is right to divorce a man and his wife in so flagrant an instance, it is right to divorce them and to remit the costs. If it is a mistake to do it under these circumstances, then under no circumstances should it be done.

PUBLICATION called *The Canadian Bookseller and Library Journal*, which emanates from Hamilton, asks me to make a protest against a Society of Literary Immortals in the United States. It is not my business to interfere with the title and fame-hunters who have made the United States so ridiculous. They can have a Society of Immortals if they want one, without any protest from me. They now have such innumerable societies that nobody need be left out of them, and any Canadian who is anxious to obtain some letters after his name can easily purchase them by applying to the proper authorities. My only concern is to keep this sort of tommyrot out of Canada. There is a sentiment in this country which is vastly superior to any of the ephemeral ideals of those who are anxious to be distinguished by membership in something whose pretentious nothingness is a laughing-stock and the origin of which is absurd. The same paper suggests that SATURDAY NIGHT has a horror of publishers." As the company which produces SATURDAY NIGHT is a publishing company, it does not seem reasonable that it should be afraid of itself or its conferees. In fact, it is afraid of nothing except the miserable pretentiousness which has been imported into this country by those aliens who are burningly anxious to work for all we are worth.

SATURDAY NIGHT is in favor of Canadian copyright and everything that will tend towards the advancement of the Canadian publishing and printing business. Surely one can defend these things without having to defend such humbugs as are offered in the name of Canadian advancement. We need in this country a guild which will look after copyright, but it can be created without the assistance of Appleton & Co., New York, or their agents. The British, not the United States, publisher should be most anxious to protect Canada from overflow editions involving unscrupulous infringement of authors' and publishers' rights. The publishers, as soon as they understand the question, will be the first ones to make a movement in this direction, and we can quite well afford to wait for a change of heart until pirates cease to be the preachers of copyright gospel.

NOTHING but ingrained prejudice prevents the English-speaking people adopting the metric system of measurement. We in Canada who have a decimal system in money matters still cling to rods and acres with regard to land; ounces and pounds in weights; pints, quarts and gallons in measuring liquids; inches, feet and yards in measuring lengths; and subject our children and our clerks and ourselves to the difficult computations which all these things involve. In the United States it is the same, while in Great Britain it is worse, insomuch as they have refused to adopt the decimal system in counting money and still compute everything in pounds, shillings and pence. In the Latin countries greater advance has been made in simplifying these matters than amongst Anglo-Saxons, among whom progress is generally most observable.

The Newspaper Club.

BEING AN ORGANIZATION OF CERTAIN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER-WRITERS OF TORONTO AND OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN THIS COLUMN TO SETTLE BY CUMULATIVE DISCUSSION SEVERAL OUT-STANDING AND VEXED QUESTIONS.

Should Women Smoke?

Should women smoke? Not pipes, to be sure, nor cigars! That would be disgusting, but—well, just listen:

No sight as sweet I ever met
As Phyllis her cigarette!
The darling left her devices!
Doth twirl her cylinder of spicess!
White as the snow, with tip of gold,
Between her rosy palms 'tis rolled!
Oh happy toy! It makes me gasp
To think the bliss of such a clasp!

And now she takes it twixt her fingers,
And squeezes it and cooly lingers,
And timidly at last it goes
Into her mouth, a pucker'd rose!
Her lips, like petals, round it press,
Such fragrance midst such loveliness,
As when a bee its honey sips!

And now, sweet Phyllis is affrighted—
The thing is ready to be lighted!
And she essays a parlor match!
But knoweth not whereon to scratch!
To do as men would be too bold
And flimsy fabrics her enfold!
Her slipped sole! Hurrah! How shocking,
Yet, what a charming silken stocking!

Now sweeter than the censor's fume,
The balmy vapors fill the room,
And as the tricksy spirals frisk
I dream of slave and odalisque!
My lazy fancy ever dwells
Beside the languid Dardanelles!
But in my flight I hold her yet,
My Phyllis and her cigarette.

Howbeit! Gentlemen, the *morale* of this club is becoming horribly impaired. Where is the complaint-book? Where is the complaint-book? Therein will I inscribe a burning protest against the discussion of any such outrageous proposition by the members of a supposedly respectable institution. But why go

through the useless formality of writing that complaint? The thing will happen that always happens in any modern club. The house committee will place their initials over against my name as an indication that they have read it—and have immediately forgotten it, like their last night's dreams. Any house committee who would do otherwise would be a disgrace to the guild. Therefore, here in public I desire indignantly to express my reprehension of the disgusting taste that prompted the committee to ask me such a question. Should women smoke!! Horrible! One would gather from the form of the interrogation that women do smoke—a statement which I cannot, will not, bring my decorous mind to believe. No man can convince me that any Canadian woman was ever guilty of such scandalous spring of ourselves. Gadsby, who knows more of this world and its wickedness than my veracious self, says he once met a man who had seen a Toronto woman smoke a cigarette. Ordinarily, I am prepared to believe Gadsby. In this case I say baldly that I do not. It has occurred to me that all the members of the club, with the exception of myself, are married men. They may be able calmly to canvass the topic, but in my case it brings an uncontrollable erubescence to this alabaster brow. I desire to state here and now that I will decline to answer, or even to file, offers of matrimony from any young—or middle-aged—women who are victims of the beastly habit. On this point my determination is fixed, and in regard to determination the late John P. Regulus of Rome, it compares with the writer of these few lines was a tin weathercock. It may be true that the old order changeth, giving place to the new—woman. But none of it for me, thanks. Think of sending to the home of one's *fiancee* the laggard messenger bearing a half-pound of Einstein's smoking mixture in place of the violins; or a half-hundred cigars instead of bon-bons—and bon-bons are cheaper, too. Think, further, of arriving home to find the wife of one's bosom smoking a clay pipe in the drawing-room! Think—still more awful thought!—of her surreptitiously swiping one's good cigars for her own consumption! I refuse to contemplate such a chapter of horrors. Jamais—Nevaire.

Most decidedly not—they shouldn't even be allowed to chew, or to use tobacco in any form, if the men are to retain any vestige of superiority or leadership in affairs. Things are quite bad enough as it is, the way they are crowding men out of employment as doctors, book-keepers, editors, clerks, stenographers, &c.,

and if you are going to further develop their intellectual capacities by allowing them the use of tobacco, not even the pulpit, the judge's bench, or the Local Legislature, will be sacred from the feminine invasion. No doubt the brain of woman is normally as massive and as finely organized as that of man, and the fact that hitherto the higher intellectual callings have been almost monopolized by the male sex is simply due to the thought-stimulating influence of nicotine. If any one doubts it just look at the Germans—admittedly the profoundest thinkers of Europe—and smokers to a man. Did anybody ever hear of a female German philosopher? Of course not. A German philosopher without a pipe is unthinkable. Our ancestors knew what they were about in laying down the dictum that smoking was bad form for a woman—they wanted to keep the intrusive sex in their place and retain the official and professional soft snaps in masculine hands. The pipe is the last symbol of man's supremacy, and if we permit it to be either wheedled or wrested from our grasp, we may just as well concede to woman full and complete equality in every field of human endeavor and emolument.

Women should smoke if they so desire. Custom, of course, says No. But what is custom that it should arrogate to itself the right to say what a woman shall or shall not do? Custom is only habit, anyhow. Every question, we are told, has two sides. This one has at any rate. After the struggle with the first pipe or two is over, man finds in the weed a soothing companion. Why, then, should woman be denied that which exercises so much power over man? When a woman will, she will. If she wills to smoke, man stands to be the chief gainer thereby. Consider the advantage, where the wife is a smoker, of coming home late at night or early in the morning and finding her in the library or smoking-room, in the best of humor, quietly puffing at her pipe and deep in the pages of the latest novel! How much better this than storming at the head of the stairs. Of course we would not care to see the cook preparing dinner with a pipe or cigarette between her lips. After all, I would just as soon women did not smoke; but I would not dare tell them so, for they are as contrary as they are nice.

I submit that this court, composed of men, has no jurisdiction. It is the women's business. A man would naturally answer no. "I would not like," he says peevishly, "to see a lady puffing away at a large, fat, black cigar." If the lady wanted to smoke, her resort would be like that of the milkmaid, "Nobody asked you, sir, to admire my personal appearance."

We may assume that the reason women do not smoke at present is that they do not want to smoke. If you say they are forbidden by Mrs. Grundy, the answer is that Mrs. Grundy is only another name for crystallized feminine opinion; you are arguing in a circle. Besides, Mrs. Grundy was certainly not responsible at the outset. Raleigh, if he did not introduce tobacco

into England, did much to popularize its use. He used to smoke tobacco in a silver pipe, with the Queen sitting by, although, as he said, she detested "all coarse meats, evil smells and strong wines." Hence it may be inferred that she did not regard the aroma of tobacco as an evil smell. Why did she not smoke? It would have been a comfort after a two hours' interview with the sagacious but tiresome Burleigh. There was no Mrs. Grundy to deny her, because there were no social customs or conventions about tobacco, unless Raleigh was thinking of an Indian Mrs. Grundy. A cynic might find the cause in the vanity which showed itself in Elizabeth's innumerable dresses and jewels and flirtations, and might say that this cause is still potent. How would it do, he would ask, to read in the society column of ladies smartly gowned and piped, of Miss Brown in a pink silk, passementerie, old lace, and a mer-schaum colored by herself? But this is all nonsense. Elizabeth could have smoked in private, and if she had we should certainly have heard of it. There is some deeper reason. Women are supposed to be weaker than men, and more subject to nervous disturbance. Why is it that they do not resort to the soothing pipe, the consoling bowl, the saloon and the club? Why does no benevolent person propose to establish a coffee-house for women? Why does the man who requires the excitement of the horse race and the poker table grumble at the mild feminine dissipation of bargain day? Sarah Grand should give us a novel dealing with these problems.

The Indian woman smokes, and a good deal more, too, than the average man. It may, indeed, have been she who first hit upon the practice. At any rate, she does not appear to see any reason why she ought not to derive as much comfort from a pipe as any male fellow does. Nor does she await the time of marriage. She may begin, just as the boys do, as soon as she is able to hold a pipe and has sense enough to "pull." Neither is she at all particular respecting the smoking ingredients. If tobacco is gettable she prefers it as a matter of course, but various kinds of bark, leaves and roots form substitutes. At one time there is reason to believe that she smoked with some religious significance, but that time, to most, is long since past, and now she smokes for pure pleasure, especially when she can arrange things so as to have a live coal on the top of her pipe, for she rather avoids the use of matches, which shows her good sense if the only kind she can get resembles some of those sold in Toronto, which are a villainous compound of sulphur and phosphorus, with a little wood. The Indian woman corresponds with what Jake Helmacher said of his deceased son, "He was a good smoker." She smokes both in and out of doors. She smokes when she is plaiting straw or when she is cooking—she smokes just when she pleases, as her liege does, and why shouldn't she? If he extracts any comfort or solace from the pipe, she requires it quite as much. If very plausibly inclined, she will, when lighting her pipe, blow a whiff heavenwards, and other whiffs towards the cardinal points—some contribute a whiff also to the ground—after which all the whiffs are the smoker's own. Cigars and cigarettes have no charm for the old women other than as the material may be used in a pipe. In the presence of white people the Indian woman feels just as free to puff her pipe as if there were no whites present. The idea of secrecy does not enter her head—she smokes as a matter of duty to herself, and it is nobody's business but her own. The younger women on the reserves in most parts of Ontario do not, as a rule, take to smoking—in other words smoking among Indian women is going out of fashion. Is it at all possible that in some way "no fellow can understand" this accounts for white women taking to the weed? Does nature in this sense "abhor a vacuum?" Must there be universal equilibrium in all things?

Social and Personal.

The quietest week in the year is on the wane, and already post-Easter events are brightening the rim of the new horizon. Easter day always brings visitors to the paternal homes, and several busy professors, smart officers and others most welcomed are spending a joyous Easter holiday at home. Guests often happen in for spring shopping and Toronto's wonderful bargains, too, at this season. No small attraction is offered by the fine church music, the grand decorations and the eloquent sermons of the day. The sporting fraternity are looking for



MISS KATIE PUTNAM

Who will appear at the Toronto Opera House next week as "Bossy" in Hoyt's "A Texas Steer."



THE FADETTE'S WOMEN'S ORCHESTRA OF BOSTON.

The appearance for the first time of the Fadettes, otherwise known as the Women's Orchestra of Boston, is an event in the more or less history of Toronto. The Fadettes are a company altogether of women to the number of twenty-one under the leadership of Mrs. Nedra, who, the critics say, is certainly to the manner born. The orchestra is balanced to a nicey, and there is no preponderance of one part over another, a fault which is not unfrequently noted in organizations of this kind. Wherever they have appeared the enthusiasm has reached the highest point to go great an extent, as one newspaper says, that nearly every piece was encased. The programme of the Fadettes is a good one, and the ladies are well prepared for the display of vocal and instrumental music, like Down on the Suwanee River or Georgia Camp Meeting, there is accuracy, artistic finish and the irresistible swing and rhythm which so appeals to those who have even the smallest conception of music in their souls. There is good reason to believe that the Fadettes will have a large number of their first appearance in Canada, if it is not more than a week from now. The ladies are playing a great Wagner selection or some popular melody, like the "Song of the West" or "The Love me not." The ladies will be in residence at the Massey Music Hall, Thursday, April 8. The programme is fully strengthened in the fact that the giant of pianists, Richard Burmelstein, will also be here and render some of his cleverest selections. Mrs. Harry W. Parker, soprano, a portrait of whom we give on page 11 of this paper, is also on the programme. Mrs. Parker is well known as one of the popular concert singers in Toronto, the soprano of St. Andrew's church choir, and an important member of the teaching staff of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. The plan opens to the public at 9:30 a.m. Monday.

a big season this year; aquatics are booming and bicycling boys are busy. I have heard much talk of the new cycling frocks on hand, and some very smart ones are being put in shape by leading couturieres. The Horse Show is also booming ahead; the sale of boxes next week will be the interesting event in this connection. The sale will take place at Hyslop's big place in King street next Tuesday. It is said that the prettiest matron in Toronto has decided to have a certain box, and that her rival is equally determined on that and no other. Interest competition may be the result. Some ravishing hats were snapped up at the openings last month, which are now carefully jealously away from view, so that no one can have a duplicate design. Natty tailor-made gowns for the matinees are favorites, though it is safe to predict that madame and mademoiselle won't be content with such quiet garb if the weather be bright and warm. Flower-crowned hats and various splendors in silk and chiffon are too tempting to refuse them an airing any time after two o'clock. The smart party from Rideau Hall will add much to the *éclat* of the show, and will doubtless enjoy it, for the present *régne* encourages all sorts of jollifications, and during the past winter both His Excellency and the Countess have shown by active participation in every sport—skating, hockey, skiing, and what you like—that they can enjoy life in motion more than in indifferent quiescence. Hockey, by the way, is their latest enthusiasm. The "Loan Woman's" Exhibition, as an unintentionally funny Frenchwoman called it last month, will be brightened by a visit from the Vice-Regal pair. The chaperones who will have charge of the entertainment on the evening of this visit are rather feeling themselves favored by the happy chance. The waitresses at the tea-tables are to wear riding skirts, white satin waistcoats, "pink" coats and immense Gainsborough riding hats, and some of the most charming girls and matrons in town are of their number.

Mrs. and Miss Brimson are at the Arlington. Many friends have been pleased to greet the handsome singer, Mademoiselle Brimson, who has been about a good deal on Easter shopping and business intent these mornings. Miss Brimson has the cutest wee doggie for a pet, trotting along in a smart little red coat, and keeping close to the heels of his lovely mistress.

Mr. Howard Martin came to Toronto on Thursday of last week with his friend Mr. Houghton, a Bostonian. The two bachelors now live in a charming flat in New York and have also a summer place in Long Island. Mr. Houghton has also been an extensive traveler and the pair are accomplished *raconteurs*, full of wit and fun. On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. George Hees entertained at dinner in their honor, and on Friday some of Miss Hees' intimates had the pleasure of a cup of afternoon tea with the New Yorkers. Mr. Howard Martin, by the way, is a near relative of Mrs. Bradley Martin, whose famous ball is yet among the wonders of modern luxury and which, rather unfortunately, Dr. Rainsford fulminated against from his pulpit. Mr. Howard Martin and Mr. Houghton left on Saturday for New York, where Mr. Martin had to "talk" on Monday evening at the Waldorf-Astoria. On the evening of the lecture Dr. Parkin kindly presided and introduced the distinguished speaker, and the audience numbered many prominent persons in Toronto's smartest circles. A party from Government House came with Miss Mowat, and much enjoyed the "talk" on the Chinese at Home.

On Friday evening of last week Mrs. Jane gave a little dinner at the Queen's for Mr. Howard Martin. Mrs. Hardy and Mrs. Harry Totten were of the party. Mr. Totten, who has been such a sufferer from rheumatism, is now mending in health. Mrs. W. Goulding, whose severe burning accident laid her up some weeks ago, is now able to have her injured arm out of a sling.

The visit of [Hon.] Howard Martin to Toronto gave people a chance to verify the statement made by a recent writer that the pleasantest man on earth to meet is a cosmopolitan New Yorker. Mr. Martin has traveled and observed, and his observations have taken root in a rich intellect and brought forth correspondingly precious fruit. Personally of engaging manner and distinguished presence, with frank and modest estimate and pleasant facility he talks on any subject with a great deal of charm. He talks of the Chinese in an amusingly deprecatory way—they are awful, but they have a future, and the most bigoted anti-Mongolian won't dispute that they have a past. Many a *nouveau riche* would gasp to hear of the unbroken pedigree record of the Duke of Confucius, a nobleman who was present at the first audience granted the foreign officials, of whom Mr. Martin was one, by the Emperor of China. It went back some three thousand years. Of Chinese habits, beginning with the unutterable one in vogue at the birth of a first-born son, and which sent the audience into roars of laughter, down to the gruesome death scene at the public execution, which shocked everyone, Mr. Martin discoursed gravely, playfully or analytically, exhibiting a careful study of that extraordinarily contrary nation. "If you set the world's population in a line every third man would be a Chinaman," is a specimen of Mr. Martin's terse statistics. What he tells is so told that it sticks in the memory. Those who did not hear his talk on Friday last missed an educative and enjoyable hour.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

SPECIAL

All the newest shadings and tints for our Easter Trade.

Ask to see our \$1.00 special.

Spring importations of

HIGH-CLASS FOREIGN DRESS FABRICS

French Embroidered Voile
Dotted and Plain Crepe de Chine
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Silk and Wool Veilings and Bareges
French Broadcloths
Mixtures for Tailor-made Gowns.

BLACK DRESS GOODS

Grosgrain Brooch, Crepe Olga
Embroidered Veilings
New Effects in High-grade Mourning Goods.

COTTON FABRICS

Printed Swiss, Organza, Laces, Batistes
Dimities and Crepons, Madras and Cheviots.

MILLINERY—All the newest ideas from London, Paris and New York.

WM. STITT & CO. Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

Tel. 888

II & 13 King Street East, Toronto

PANTECHNECA

White China

We are this week opening a small shipment of new goods.

The "Decorator's Department" continues to receive our special attention, and this season we will show a vaster collection than has been.

116 YONGE ST.

Limited Quantities

Already many of our new designs are sold out, as we buy in limited quantities and thus give our customers exclusive patterns. But we have every few days new additions to our stock, keeping the selection large and complete. Every roll is imported and in nearly every case to be seen only in our show rooms.

The Elliott & Son Co.

LIMITED

40 King Street East

Toronto

Tea Trays

Oak and ebony, olive and ebony, sizes 14 to 24 inches. Prices start at \$6.00. Crumb brushes and trays to match—\$2.75, \$3.00 and \$3.50.

CHINA HALL

JOS. IRVING
49 KING STREET EAST

Fragrant Easter Flowers

to brighten a thousand homes—

Roses, Carnations and Spring Flowers

Exquisite blooming plants, with dainty trimmings; all charming messengers to convey your Easter greetings.

Dunlop's

Flowers are always fresh and reliable. Have them sent to you at any distance. Safe delivery guaranteed.

5 King West

445 Yonge St.

Grates and Mantles
ART TILESGAS GRATE FIRES
FIRE IRONSRice Lewis & Son
LIMITED

TORONTO
Cor. King and Victoria Streets



Easter... Preparations

are evidenced in all departments. Write for a copy of new catalogue.

Millinery in all the new styles after London, Paris and New York models. Every Easter shade and Spring tint represented in all forms of head-attire. Orders should be left at once.

Costumes in which are the new cloths in all shades; best workmanship and perfect fit are combined with large assortments and particularly close prices.

Capes and Capesines of black and colored cloths and silk. Many single patterns (no two alike) and novelties not shown generally.

Ladies' and Misses' Cloth Jackets, affording every desire fullest scope as to shade, cloth, style, price, with many select pattern garments (not duplicated) from medium to highest priced

JOHN CATTO & SON
King Street, opposite the Post Office

Glass Eyes
We keep the best Glass Eyes and have the largest stock to choose from. We are experienced fitters.

TORONTO OPTICAL PARLORS
88 Yonge St. (upstairs)

F. E. LUKE, Opt. D.
with W. E. HAMILL, M.D., Oculist



Pity to Buy Poor Ware

When for the same price you can have Kemp's

GRANITE or DIAMOND

Enamelled Ware—each piece bearing these labels, guaranteed pure and wholesome—bound to wear well.

Most dealers keep them—won't it pay you to ask for them!

Kemp Mfg. Co., Toronto

**Ports, Sherries
Burgundies...
Hock, Moselle**

GEO. W. COOLEY
567 Yonge Street
Telephone 3089

THE Teas, Luncheons and Receptions served by Geo. S. McConkey, 27 and 29 King St. West, are in the daintiest form and are perfections of the Caterer's art.

Easter Flowers

Azaleas, Lilies,
Spirreas

and all choice spring flowers, at

JAY'S - 438 Spadina

Wedding Cakes

from Webb's are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.

They are shipped by express to all parts of the Dominion, safe arrival guaranteed.

Catalogues and all information cheerfully given.

The HARRY WEBB CO.
LIMITED.
TORONTO

Social and Personal.

PREPARED is the keynote of this week, and next week will bring in the harvest. The feast of Easter is the only one which combines questions religious and worldly. The Easter services are with good weather a revelation of the rejoicing Christian and a glorification of the Easter bonnet. The following day sees a general business atmosphere in the many churches of the Anglican persuasion, and vestrymen go about with care-shaded brows. There are brides and bridegrooms, teas and luncheons, dinners and dances in Easter week, and the general local interest taken in the Loan Picture Exhibition has almost absorbed every section of society, frivolous or serious. There has been a great raking up of old aunts and uncles, and grandpas and grandmas of long ago find themselves set out in unwanted modernity. And there are wonderful portraits of wonderful officers, and tremendously swell old dames, and quaint and curious and beautiful things innumerable to be seen. The Loan Exhibition lasts for a fortnight, but there is no reason to suspect any danger of flagging interest, as the arrangements for each evening are constantly increasing in interest and novelty.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Eaton have gone to England. Miss Mabel Lee has returned from New York. Mrs. W. S. Lee and Mrs. J. Forbes Michie have moved north to Georgia. Mrs. Michie still continues to improve in her health.

Mrs. Dickenson, wife of the M.P.P. for Wentworth South, spent last week in the city. Mrs. Allen Aylesworth went on Saturday to Ottawa, where Mr. Aylesworth has been on business for some time. Mr. Ross Hayter has returned from a visit to Ottawa as the guest of the Speaker of the House. Miss Florence Macpherson, the contralto, returned last week from a successful visit in Buffalo.

The Governor General and the Countess of Minto will visit Toronto during Horse Show week, as His Excellency has promised to open the grand spring event. Already engagements are piling up for the Vice Regal couple. Lady Minto will perform her first official act in Toronto in laying the corner stone of St. Hilda's College, and the representatives of Royalty will attend the Loan Portrait Exhibition as well. The chaperones in charge of the Jockey Club evening are making very pretty schemes to welcome and honor their distinguished guests.

The very startling news of the sudden death of Mr. Frank Cockburn Clemow fell sadly upon the ears of many friends of his charming wife in Toronto. Mrs. Clemow was the gayest of the gay in the various bright festivities in Ottawa last week and welcomed her Toronto friends to her beautiful new home in Slater street with much cordiality. That sorrow has closed the hospitable doors and laid a heavy burden on the hearts of its mistress and her children is regretted sincerely by her Toronto friends, who send many thoughts of sympathy eastward this week.

Another Toronto lady, now residing at the Capital, to whom a sudden trouble has come within the past ten days is sweet Mrs. O'Connor (nee Hughes). Mrs. O'Connor came to town last week and was with her family in their sorrow over the death of a cherished father. Although not able, on account of the recent decease of her uncle, Mr. B. B. Hughes, to participate in the Ottawa galas, Mrs. O'Connor quietly welcomed Toronto friends by informal visits, and little anticipated the sad occurrence which so soon brought her among them in Toronto. She returned to the Capital on Monday.

The Ontario Society of Artists gave their annual dinner at the New Coleman on Saturday evening, and a most recherche and enjoyable event it was. The president, Mr. Reid, presided at the feast, and Williams served a most appetizing menu.

Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett Magann returned to town this week. Mrs. Hodgins has returned home; Miss Augusta Hodgins has gone to Montreal to visit Miss Gillespie.

Mr. T. A. Davies, the energetic director of Cooke's Bible Class Choir, has arranged an Easter musical service of much interest.

Invitations have been issued for the marriage on Wednesday evening, April 5, of Miss Nellie Mosgrove Gunn, daughter of John G. Gunn, and granddaughter of John W. Oliver, editor of the Yonkers Statesman, to Mr. William Edward McClelland of Toronto. The ceremony will take place in the Church of the Holy Communion, Sixth avenue and 20th street, New York city, at eight o'clock, and a reception will follow at 39 West 20th street.

Mr. Roden Kingsmill left for Ottawa on Monday, where he has been appointed on the *Globe* staff.

Mr. Winder Strathy has gone on a short visit to Florida with a party of New York friends. P.P.C. cards from Mrs. H. B. Dalrymple Bruce this week have reminded friends that she is to-day to become Mrs. Harry Hay, and good wishes are for happiness to both the bride and bridegroom-elect.

The Wednesday Reading Club met at the home of Miss McGee and Mrs. W. O. Forsyth last week, when a musical and literary programme of unusual merit was presented to the members and a few invited friends. Those who took part were: Mrs. J. Willson Lawrence and

est for to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock in Cooke's church, to which everyone is cordially invited. The choir will be assisted by Mrs. H. W. Parker, Miss Mae Dickenson, Miss Marie Wheeler, Miss Florence Macpherson, Mr. W. F. Archibald and Mr. Verral.

The Easter meeting of the Harbord Alumnae is to be held on Friday evening, April 7, in St. George's Hall, Elm street. The meeting will take the form of a masked sheet party. An interesting programme is being prepared by the committee. The girls of the fifth and sixth form and former girl students of the Collegiate are cordially invited to attend.

The marriage of Mr. J. H. Coburn, now of Walkerton, and Miss Carrie Lash, the young lady who is known from here to the west coast as the possessor of a most rich, cultured contralto voice, which has delighted thousands, and among her friends here is even more esteemed for her many charms of disposition and appearance, takes place on Tuesday next. It will be a quiet wedding, according to the wish of the principals. Mr. Coburn will be accompanied by Mr. Fred Jones as best man, while Miss Lash is to be attended by her sister and Miss Beddoes as bridesmaids. Many hearty good wishes will be given to bride and groom by warm friends in Toronto, and the only thing they don't like is that Miss Lash will spend her married life so far away from them. St. Andrew's choir and the concert platform will miss their sweet singer, and society a bright and handsome girl.

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The unthinking crowds are smiling at the idea of exhibiting horseless carriages at the Horse Show. It might be made a stunning feature if some of the horses could be induced to take seats in the carriages. A tandem horse sat down once on one of the chairs around which he was supposed to be driven, and didn't do it at all ungracefully. Surely there are some nice quiet old gray mares who would enjoy a whirl in the carriages, which might then be legitimately included as part of the Horse Show. It would draw the largest and best-natured crowd of the week, that is a certainty.

Among the visitors in Ottawa for the opening were Sir William and Lady Hingston of Sherbrooke street, Montreal, who have had Mrs. Frank Anglin as their guest. Lady Hingston wore a quiet gown of soft white silk with some delicate lace; Sir William was, as ever, a *distingué* figure, and greeted his Toronto friends cordially. They hope to see him at the O. J. C. May meeting at the Woodbine, an interested and able critic of pace and form, as well as of smart femininity.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Pepler have left town to reside in Port Hope; they have taken as their home Judge Chisholm's former residence. Colonel and Mrs. Sweeny have returned from New York.

Mrs. Herbert Mason of Ermeleigh expects her sister, Mrs. Ewart of Winnipeg, on a visit this week. Mrs. Ewart is one of the brightest and most popular of women, and is always welcome in Toronto.

Mile. Clem Vanden Broek and Miss Blackburn of Glencoe are expected to be the guests of Mrs. G. Allen Case for Easter and the Horse Show.

"What did you most remark in Toronto as evidence of progress?" was the question asked of a visitor who has returned after nine years' absence. "The evidences of increased civilization," said he, "are good and clean roads, quick transportation and lessening of noise. Since I was here last year roads and transportation are immensely advanced, but the noise, well, you couldn't well have more!" The same observer says that the greatest factor for culture in the city is the Massey Music Hall, the most lowering thing the disposal of the city's sewage as at present managed.

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A Wedding Invitation...

Mr. & Mrs. Charles Goodman

request the pleasure of your company

at the marriage of their daughter

Annie May

6

Mr. Graham Alex. Broun,

at the Church of the Redeemer

Monday morning, June the third,

eighteen hundred and ninety-eight

at eleven o'clock.

And afterwards

at 3:30 St. George St.

The above is the correct form for a wedding invitation—and is a fac-simile of our "wedding script."

Correspondence invited—samples sent on application

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Stationers | The Bain Book & Stationery Co. 96
Engravers and Fine Printers. Yonge St.

"Tidy the Florist"

is now taking orders for Easter. The best of seasonable flowers and flowering plants will be found at his conservatory and store, also a large assortment of Palms and Ferns.

"We ship to any part of the Dominion and guarantee safe arrival."

75 King St. West, Toronto

KID GLOVES

FOWNE'S
HIGH CLASS

From one end of the land to the other—wherever ladies who demand the best are found—Fownes' Gloves are the recognized standard of merit and fashion—They are the best for dress and for the street, for all occasions and all purposes—to wear them is to be correctly gloved—Phyllis and Eugenie best for spring wear.

CELEBRATED

Always Up to Date!
We do not give our customers time to get old-fashioned. We advocate them always, the latest styles in *coiffures*, etc. See our *catalogue* of bangs, most elegant and pleasing. There never was a prettier style made.

Our "New Fedora Coll." elegant and easy, made with one of our *Swatches*. The latest style made superseeded in quality, elegance and finish, and the price is very moderate.

Our "Paris Bang" can secure any of above styles by sending a sample of hair and the amount. We can suit them just as well as if they were in Toronto. All goods sent considered and observed on. Any goods exchanged if not suited.

Our Ladies' and Children's Hair-dressing Parlors, all separate rooms, are the best appointed in Toronto. Hair trimmed, singed, shaped, etc. Hair washed, treated, Ladies' Face Massage and Manicure Parlors. Appointments made. Telephone 2468.

J. TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO.
441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Sts., Toronto, Ont.



MRS. CARTER has been away to-day," said Mr. Carter, "and we've had a glorious time" The old man's great shoulders shook with laughter, though his face turned purple with the pain of repressing it.

"She's just got back, though she ain't doin' business yet. You'll see her presently, howsoever, goin' round, 'Good evenin'" here and "How are you?" there, and "What time would you like to be called in the morning?" just as if she ran the Grand Central, instead of Old Man Carter. But, "Whist!" with a toss of his head over his shoulder towards where Mrs. Carter was talking politics with the foreman of the M. C. R. bridge gang, "Whist! Hen on!"

Again his shoulders shook, and his face became creased and purple. The great front room of the Grand Central was dimly lighted by a lamp over on the desk beside the register. The Grand Central Hotel, as may be seen by a reference to the business card Mrs. Carter will find opportunity to present you when you pay your score, is "located in the center of the town (of nine stores and a postoffice) most convenient to the merchants, thoroughly heated by hot water, newly furnished throughout, first-class accommodation for travelers, free bus to and from all trains. Every in connection," and is by inference not to be compared to the red-brick house, nearer the station, where they have none of these modern comforts. Mr. Carter, whose name is painted in faded black letters across the front of the building, is a native of Yorkshire, with an immense girth, an astonishing length of whisker, and the North Country Briton's love for strong ale and old, evil-smelling cheese. Gout or some kindred lameness makes a crooked stick a necessity when he walks. This stood between his knees, as he sat in his arm-chair, with his hands clasped over the crook. A white dog lay with his nose on the floor, at his feet. A fierce little red-hot coal stove did its best to make the raunted hot-water system a superfluity. The glow from the stove shone on his ruddy, be-whiskered countenance, emphasizing the twinkle in his eye and the wrinkles that come by much laughing.

"Old Man Carter's been everything around this place to-day, the barber, the baker, the candlestick maker, the boss, the bartender, and missus. We've done a roaring trade amongst the lot of us. 'Free drinks, boys,' I says. 'The boss is away to-day. I won't say we took in much money, but we had a busy day, just the same.'

The wrinkles in the old man's cheeks closed in on his eyes until only two wrinkles showed through.

"Old Man Carter is just a rough old fellow, ain't he? A big, dusty old dog, with a game leg, eh? Yes, I know what you commercial fellers think of me, when you sit there, sober as judges, winking your eye at each other. But Old Man Carter was quite a boy in his day—ask Mrs. Carter there; she'll tell you. Why, if he liked, he could dress up within two inches of his life; chimpot-pot hat, with hand six inches high, black coat, stuck-up collar, and a gold-headed walking-stick. But, Lord bless you, the people would say: 'There goes Old Man Carter, just the same; so what's the use?'

He looked twinklingly at the row of arm-chairs against the wall, and felt in the pocket of his capacious waistcoat for a match. Under the row of chairs ran a board, nailed to the seats, for the better subdument of restlessness, and for convenience in sweeping. Mr. Carter had a chair of his own with a cushion, the ordinary piece of furniture being too cramped for his dimensions. He lit the stump of a cigar and shook the match. "Mrs. Carter," said he, with a wicked screwing up of one eye.

Mrs. Carter was absorbed in politics four chairs away.

"Good evening, Mrs. Carter," repeated the old man.

"Well, sir?" said Mrs. Carter, impishly. She was still attired in her best dress, a green silk, though the neckband and upper buttons being tight and the room warm, she had undone about six inches of it for the sake of comfort.

"I was just telling the gentlemen that you'd deserted me to-day, and left me to support myself."

"You're old enough by this time," said Mrs. Carter. "How did you get along?"

"Fine," said Mr. Carter, emphatically.

"Yes, I guess so," said Mrs. Carter. She was a stout, rosy person, with her head set impishly back on her shoulders, and a look of will and determination about her. Wherever the geniality of the management lay, the

I never right out proved it on him. Ben Harrison, it was, the cur, and I ain't afraid to say it. Oh, I accused him of it when I saw him, though he kept out of my way for long enough afterward. 'What were you doin' around at half-past ten at night, like you was seen?' I ses. 'We're all closed up here at ten o'clock every night,' I ses, 'and you know it.' The rat couldn't even lie so as to sound straight. 'Gettin' a parcel I left in the driving shed,' he ses! him that hasn't got a dog to his name, let alone a horse. What would he be doin' in the driving shed? 'Get off my property,' I ses, 'and if I ever catch you on it again, I'll shoot you,' I ses."

Very dramatic was the fire and ring of the old man's voice, with his shaggy head and angry brows brought out by the red glow.

"You see, he was here one night, drinking, and I ses: 'Look here, Ben, you've had enough,' I ses. 'I won't give you another drop,' I ses. 'You'd better go on home.' He always was a mean sort of a cuss, and he wouldn't go. I was a little younger then, and I hadn't this game leg. I'm pretty strong, even yet, but that night I was mad. I never did like this Harrison, anyway; so I just took him up like a kid and threw him out into the road. He gets up and comes back to the door. His face was bleedin' from where he fell. 'Carter,' he ses, 'mark my words. I'll get even,' he ses. Two weeks after, my dog was dead."

The old man paused and stared at the stove with his long beard pressed against his breast.

"I'm going to give you a treat," said Old Man Carter. He took a spoon and gouged out a morsel the size of a cent. "Try it," he said, handing the spoon to the saddler. "It's not often you get a chance at a cheese like that."

The saddler man took a biscuit.

"I'll do my best," he said. He nibbled the bit of cheese and the biscuit alternately.

"Have a piece," said Mr. Carter. "No, thank you," said I. "None of our family ever touch it."

"Don't know what's good for 'em," said Mr. Carter, in disgust. He took a piece himself, and ate it with relish. "Valuable piece of cheese that," said he. "We only cut it a spoonful at a time. That there cheese has soaked up a pint of the best French brandy since Christmas—well, you can see how much there is left." He got a whisky glass, and scooped up some of the liquid in the bottom of the pall. "Taste it, and tell me what it is," said he.

The saddler man took a sip.

"Is that brandy or is it not?" asked Mr. Carter anxiously.

"It tastes of cheese," said the saddler man.

"Well, don't drink it all," said Mr. Carter, remonstratively. "I'd like a taste of it myself."

"You can get some more out of the bucket," said the saddler man.

"Well, all right," said Mr. Carter. He tilted the pall and filled a pony.

"Yes, that's brandy," said he. "Good brandy, (sip), the best brandy (finishing it). Yes, sir, that's what it is, all right, best French brandy. Pall's pretty near dry, ain't it? Well, we'll just fix that."

He took half a bottle of liquor off the shelf, and poured it into the pall.

"Now, we'll just put her back," said he, "and then I'll tell you a little story. . . . There was a man in this house once, a horse dealer he was, and he was desperate fond of cheese. Well, I happened to have a cheese on hand at the time, a good old one—Oh, my Lord, yes, this one is just an infant to it, a suckling child to what that one was. It was a good old stager, a cheese that had seen life, sir, and was just about tired of it, too. A regular old cripple, he was, decrepit and rheumatic, wanzeened and dried up—walked around on crutches, he did. Not that he didn't live for many years after that, mind you; Oh, yes; what's Yorkshire cheese is tough. You see, they've got the vitality. Well, this horse dealer chap that I'm a-tellin' of, he was here havin' a glass of ale and some biscuits, and a nibble at this here cheese, when somebody came to the door and called him out. It was a warm day in the summer time, and he'd laid his hat on the bar. When the fellow called him he ran out, leavin' his glass of beer undrunk, and his hat beside it, intendin' to be back in a minute or two. Well, the fellow kep' him longer than he expected, and meanwhile I sees the hat. What does I do but takes my pocket-knife and pares off two fine slices of the old cheese and slips 'em under the band inside his hat. Well, he comes back, after a while and finishes his ale, and puts on his hat. 'Good-bye, Carter,' he says. 'I've got to go away for a week,' he says. 'I'll ship horses from your house a week from to-morrow,' he says, 'so, be ready for me,' he ses, 'I will,' I ses. Well, he goes away. When I sees him again he looks the picture of sickness. 'Carter,' he says, 'I wish I'd never seen that Jamm cheese.' 'Why?' I ses, innocent as a lamb. 'Because I've been able to smell nothing else ever since,' he

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The old man paused and stared at the stove with his long beard pressed against his breast.

"They're all alike, these travelers," said Old Man Carter, winking at me.

WHAT'LL you have?" said Old Man Carter, from behind the bar, with his wife's print upon round his waist, and a towel over his shoulder, he looked perfectly at home and comfortable.

"A glass of ale," said the saddler-hardware man.

"That's right," said Old Man Carter. "But nothing to one I used to have. St. Bernard, he was, a great, big, rough-coated fellow, the size of a calf. When I'd come down in the morning, he used to come and put his paws up on my shoulders, and I could hardly hold him."

"Many's the time he's knocked me down, kissin' me," said Mrs. Carter.

"He could put his paws right around my neck."

"I taught him to grab a man by the heel and throw him. I used to practice him on Bill, here. You remember him, Bill?"

Bill slowly and carefully raised the top of his face from his lower jaw, until he had sufficient space to speak from. "It was me that buried him," he said.

"So it was," said Mr. Carter, "and I'd rather you'd had to bury one of the horses."

"I remember that night just as well—" said Mrs. Carter. "I said to Mr. Carter, 'I think I'll just have a biscuit and a glass of ale before I come to bed,' I ses. 'All right,' he ses. 'Lock the back door before you come up,' he ses; so I has my glass of ale, and then I goes out to lock the back door—I remember I had a part of a biscuit in my hand—and I takes a look round the yard. We used to keep the dog chained up to the wagon after dark. Well, I drops the biscuit, and comes right upstairs. 'Oh, John,' I ses, 'your dog is poisoned,' I ses; 'you'd better come down and see to him,' I ses. 'Give him all the milk he can drink,' he ses; 'if he's poisoned, he's poisoned,' he ses; and I can't do any good gettin' out of bed,' he ses, so I give him all the milk he could drink, but, would you believe it, in half an hour the dog was dead."

Mr. Carter was absorbed in politics four chairs away.

"Good evening, Mrs. Carter," repeated the old man.

"Well, sir?" said Mrs. Carter, impishly. She was still attired in her best dress, a green silk, though the neckband and upper buttons being tight and the room warm, she had undone about six inches of it for the sake of comfort.

"I was just telling the gentlemen that you'd deserted me to-day, and left me to support myself."

"You're old enough by this time," said Mrs. Carter. "How did you get along?"

"Fine," said Mr. Carter, emphatically.

"Yes, I guess so," said Mrs. Carter.

She was a stout, rosy person, with her head set impishly back on her shoulders, and a look of will and determination about her. Wherever the geniality of the management lay, the

"Just you wait a minute," He finished wiping his hands, and then, pushing his apron aside, felt about in his trousers pocket. Presently he produced a key. With this he unlocked a cupboard. From the cupboard he drew an ordinary galvanized iron bucket, with a cloth over it, and set it on the bar. All this was with great deliberation of movement, and momentousness of manner.

"Look there," he said, withdrawing the towel.

"What is it?" we asked.

"It's a Yorkshire cheese," said Old Man Carter. "Imported five years ago come July, and soaking in brandy ever since." He looked at us cheerfully.

"Get out," said the saddler man.

"Fact," said Mr. Carter. "Smell it."

"I guess you're right," said the saddler man.

Old Man Carter lifted it carefully from the pall and set it on the bar. "See, it's got the smallpox," said he, admiringly. "Sure sign of age that."

He turned it upside down, when it was discovered that a portion of it had been scooped out.

"I'm going to give you a treat," said Old Man Carter. He took a spoon and gouged out a morsel the size of a cent. "Try it," he said, handing the spoon to the saddler man.

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nerves. It will add flesh to
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wasted from fat-starvation.

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Gossip at Large.

THE presentations at the Queen's first Drawing Room this year were in many ways notable. Perhaps the most interesting presentation was that of Miss Pauline Astor, daughter of the well-known American millionaire. With that modest indifference to rank which always characterizes wealthy democrats, Mr. W. W. Astor took care that only a Duchess should present his child. The Duchess of Buccleuch was, therefore, her sponsor in the Thorne Room. The prettiest of all the debutantes was the daughter of Lady Jane Vivian. The Duchess of Roxburghe presented two daughters—namely, Lady Margaret Orr-Ewing, who was married last autumn, and a tall, shy, slender girl, Lady Isabel Innes-Kerr.

The presentation honors certainly fell to the Duchess of Montrose, for she not only brought a lovely daughter to Court in the person of Lary Hermine Graham, who was granted a smiling welcome by the Royalties, but a notable niece, Lady Annabel Crewe-Milnes, daughter of Lord Crewe. This cheery girl is said to be delighted at the paradox of her greatest friend, Lady Peggy Primrose, becoming her step-mother, though only a year her senior.

A somewhat unwanted circumstance was the presentation of the Lady Mayoreess by the wife of the Prime Minister. The Mansion House is a very dull place during the present tenure. A very appropriate introduction was that of Lady Rundell, wife of the Egyptian official, by Lady Wolseley. Lady de la Rue presented her daughter, Mrs. Grantham, who married a son of Mr. Justice Grantham.

Lady Marjorie Hamilton-Gordon, a very clever and witty girl, was presented by her mother, Lady Aberdeens, who also ushered to Court the Canadian, Mrs. Fulford, of Brockville. Lady Isobel Gathorne-Hardy will be very rich, as she is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Derby. Lady Bradford, the wife of the Commissioner of Police, was a bride of last season. She is tall and dark, with a redundancy of vigorous health, and is the daughter of Mr. W. Nicholson. Mrs. Unlacke, presented by Lady Isabel Keen, is the daughter of Mr. Leo Schuster, and is married to a fascinating and popular officer in the Gordon Highlanders.

Lady Russell of Killowen brought out a daughter, Miss Margaret Russell, of whom little is yet known. Lady Winifred Renshaw, one of the two sisters married within three days, was presented by her aunt, Lady Dartmouth. The prettiest Irish bride is Mrs. Robert Saunders, who was much admired. Another dainty beauty was Mrs. Heron Maxwell, who as Miss Blois used to skate to perfection and dance to the finish of every ball. The Countess Hoyos presented three daughters, all Countesses in their own right. A physician named Treves had not only his wife but two daughters presented; while Mrs. Darrell brought two daughters to Court. Amid all the uniforms Mr. Henry White, of the American Legation, was the only man in plain evening clothes.

Speaking of Lord Crewe, that nobleman will lead from the altar a very wealthy bride when he makes Lady Peggy Primrose his second wife. The late Lady Rosebery was Baron Meyer de Rothschild's favorite daughter, Hannah. She left him at her death, in 1890, three-quarters of a million at his absolute disposal. Therefore a large dowry is sure to go with the hand of his daughter, as Lord Rosebery is so delighted at this engagement with his greatest friend. Lord Crewe himself must have an income far exceeding fifty thousand a year. He inherited from his father, the wit, Monckton Milnes, twelve thousand a year, and from his uncle, the last Lord Crewe, forty thousand a year, with the pictures at Crewe Hall, which are worth a quarter of a million at least. Few people are aware that Lord Crewe is not only a poetaster, but a frequent contributor to society papers. Through a Radical, his haughty exclusiveness would be worthy of the most Tory Vere de Vere.

The 10th of March was the thirty-sixth anniversary of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. Of the Princess it may be said that from the day she was called, at the age of eighteen, from her quiet home in Denmark, down to the present time, she has carried all before her. Various stories were current about the first meeting of the Prince and Princess. We have all heard of how the eldest son of the Queen fell in love with the photograph of a young girl in a simple muslin frock, with a velvet ribbon round the throat, which a boon companion drew from his pocket. "Who is that beautiful girl?" asked the Prince. "The daughter of the Prince of Denmark," was the reply. The Prince of Wales said nothing, but he lost no opportunity in despatching a confidential friend to the Danish Court to judge if the Princess was as lovely as the picture represented her. The answer was that she was even fairer, and the courier gave a description of a girl of dazzling beauty, with a clear complexion, gaze-like eyes, and chestnut hair, who was as amiable as she was accomplished, and whose qualities of heart equalled those of her form. After such a report the Prince made speedy ar-



"You told me when you proposed to me that you earned six marks a day, and you only bring me home three—you lying wretch!"
"I didn't lie about it. A man earns at least six marks working on a canal, but that's not saying that he gets it."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

rangements to visit Denmark, and the result the whole world knows.

The Hofburg of the Hapsburgs is never of late out of mourning. Once again one of the Imperial family of Hapsburg-Lorraine has been gathered to her fathers in the person of the Archduchess Maria Immaculata Clementine, only daughter of Ferdinand II. of the Two Sicilies, and widow of Archduke Charles Salvator, who died at Vienna, in January, 1892. The Archducal couple made a model man and wife, and were blessed with ten children, five of whom survive. The deceased Archduchess was born at Naples in 1844, and married at the age of seventeen, at Rome, the second son of Grand Duke Leopold II. of Tuscany, who had abdicated in 1859. She is described as being of a sweet and gentle disposition, void of all pretensions and exceedingly devoted to her family. In her youth she was regarded as the most accomplished of contemporaneous Italian Princesses, and to her the palm was held in virtue of her facial loveliness. At her own request her remains were not embalmed, and she lay in state in the private chapel in her palace, dressed in white moire silk, with a black cross studded with pearls in her hands. It will be remembered that a few years ago the Archduchess was at death's door in consequence of a new black silk stocking causing blood poisoning.

The oldest English peer living is the Earl of Perth. "Gang Warly" is his motto, and he has followed it, for he has lived ninety-two years. He is hereditary Thane of Lennox, and is also Duke of Melfort and Comte de Lussan in France. High, however, as are his honors, he has not a seat in the House of Lords, his peerage being Scotch.

A shocking story comes from the village of Tetetlen, in Hungary. A certain cook in service in the place was in possession of a lottery ticket, which she had purchased years before when in Vienna. A Vienna bank where she deposited the ticket wrote recently to inform her that she was the lucky winner of the chief prize. The news spread like wildfire through the village, and two gendarmes who had been paying her court for some time offered her marriage. On her choosing one, the other became so infuriated that he threatened to kill them both. They were discovered shot dead soon after, while their murderer committed suicide by throwing himself in front of a passing train. On the day of his funeral and that of his two victims a letter arrived from the Vienna bank addressed to the cook, in which she was informed, with innumerable apologies, that her ticket had not been drawn at all, a mistake having been made in one of the figures.

Poor Thing.
Her friends said she was clever. Her foes confessed it, too. The "press" at times proclaimed it—What could the poor girl do? With all this vast assertion She half believed it true; So now they sneer "She's clever, But then, she knows it, too."—Alma Frances McCollum, Peterboro', March, '99.

Miss Greene—You sing in the Wesley street church, don't you? Miss Crochet—Yes. Miss Greene—Then, you must know that gentleman over opposite. I have seen him going into the Wesley street church Sunday after Sunday. Miss Crochet—Oh, yes; he fills in the intermissions when the choir is not singing. He is the pastor.—Boston Transcript.

Miss Smart—Oh, yes; we had a lovely time at the ball, Dr.—Dr.—Dr.—oh, dear I always forget your last name. Dr. Smythe (patronizingly modest)—Oh, never mind! Just call me simple "doctor." Miss Smart (quickly)—All right, simple doctor. (Total collapse of Smythe.)—Judge.

Mrs. Hornbeck—What is this game of golf that's in the papers so much, anyhow? Farmer Hornbeck—Wal, so far as I kin make out, it's nothin' but a kind of solitaire croquet.—Puck.

First Cook (reading)—Wanted, to go to Connecticut, a first-class cook.

Good wages. Second Cook—Never, on yer life. Sure, isn't that where they make alarm clocks?—Jewelers' Weekly.

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BOVRIL unlike the artificial Stimulants so commonly resorted to
Endured by Victims of Stone in
the Bladder.
No Hope of Escape Except by Using Dodd's
Kidney Pills—They Remove the Stone
Quickly, Easily and Permanently.

Montreal, P. Q., March 27.—No agony that falls to the lot of suffering humanity, is greater, more terrible, nor harder to bear than is that caused by the formation of a stone in the bladder.

The complaint is so common, and so frequently spoken of that the terrible significance of the name itself is lost. If we were to speak of a "stone in the brain," or "a stone in the heart," the terrible nature of the disease would be apparent at once, because we are not used to the expression, and its meaning forces itself upon us instantly.

Now, "a stone in the brain" would not be more out of place than "a stone in the bladder." Nor would it cause near so much suffering, as the nerve centers would become paralyzed and feeling would die.

But stone in the bladder is alarmingly common. Thousands suffer the most horrible tortures from it. Thousands die from it.

And yet it is very easily cured. There is a remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills—that cures it quickly, easily and painlessly.

In proof of this statement, it is necessary only to quote the following letter written by Madame Campagne, of 167 St. Urbain street:

"I have suffered with stone in the bladder, and though I underwent different treatments and used various remedies, I got no relief till I took Dodd's Kidney Pills. Five boxes removed the stone, built up my health, strength and flesh, and made a new woman of me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are a positive cure for stone in the bladder, and every other form of Kidney Disease.

Angy New—Yes, I quarrelled with the leading man, and as all the others in the company sided with him, I resigned. Sue Brette—But didn't anyone take your part? Angy New—Only my understudy.—Town Topics.

And so on, with many other remarks of the same sparkling brand of wit, all for the benefit of the stylish-looking young lady at the desk, close by, who sat stroking her little dog, which lay on a chair beside her. Presently the scone-faced youth got up, slowly removed his overcoat, and then with

great deliberation plumped it down on top of the chair on which the little dog was resting; and then turned and grinned at his companions, under the evident impression that he had perpetrated a stroke of humor. The little dog, after a few struggles, succeeded in freeing itself from the folds of the coat and, having jumped down, trotted off into a corner. "Totó! Totó!" called the young lady at the desk.

"I guess my name's not Totó!" drawled the scone-faced one, with calm, Transatlantic cheek, winking once more at the other three.

"Pardon me," she said, politely, "but I was speaking to the other puppy."

A rich blush mantled to the roots of his freckles, but young America was not going to be beat like that.

"Oh, I say; but that's a chestnut!" he protested, feebly.

"Yes," replied the lady, calmly, "I suppose it is; but I fancy it has burnt your fingers all the same."

And the hero from Muskogee wondered whether it was true that English girls are all as plain and ill-dressed and deficient in "snap" as they are supposed to be "on the other side."

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Ask the Porter.

To show you the new gas broilers recently put in service on the modern Wagner cars, now operated by the C. P. R. and New York Central, the next time you make the trip, and see for yourself how easy a nice steak, chicken, or chops can be cooked and served. Daily service at 5:20 p.m. from Union Station. Rates as low as any other line. Ask C. P. R. agents for any information regarding the route, tickets, reservations, etc., or address Harry Parry, General Agent, New York Central, Buffalo.

"Miss Mary, are you sorry that your sister Evelyn is married?" "No, it advances me one number."—Chicago Record.

Bronco Pete—There's a war-hero coming in on the next train, stranger, and we're going to have a reg'lar kissin' bee! Stranger—Won't he object? Bronco Pete—Oh! it ain't a 'he,' stranger; it's ole man Peters' darter Sal's bin down in Cuby as a Red Cross nuss!—Puck.

"I have invited several army officers," said the hostess, "and I am anxious that the occasion shall be something unique and appropriate. I don't want anything commonplace, like a five-o'clock tea or a pink tea, or a violet tea." "Well," suggested Miss Cayenne, after deliberation, "why not make it a beef tea?"—Washington Star.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your sleep by the noise of the children? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children under twelve months. It will immediately stop the noise. It is a safe and reliable medicine. It gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is the most popular and the best remedy in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."



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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 2 TORONTO, APRIL 1, 1899. [No. 20]



THIS is wonder week at the theaters of Toronto, two of the play-houses are given over to magicians, fairies and goblins. At the Grand Opera House Herrmann is dealing in sleight-of-hand and creating all kinds of optical illusions, while at the Toronto Opera House Hanlon's Superba unfolds a series of scenes and happenings that are full of the splendors and surprises of dreamland. The man who has never seen Herrmann nor Hanlon's Superba can make a week of it, and I envy him his sensations. There is, of course, in this age of the world, little fear that anybody will attribute the marvels that they will see to satanic agency, but one cannot help wondering what might have happened to a man like Herrmann if he had dared to be so clever in the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, or in Old Canada when the Jesuit Fathers found the air full of signs and footprints of the Evil One in the snow almost daily. It would have gone particularly hard with Herrmann if he had fallen into the hands of the witch-smellers of Massachusetts, for he has that French cast of countenance which the earlier illustrators of John Bunyan loved to give to Apollyon. But in these days we know that Satan has given up such idle practices as sending agents about mystifying people with petty tricks that do them no harm. He has bigger game now, and vaster engines; the tricks of the wrist are tricks of the wrist and no more, and holy men may acquire them if they apply their energies assiduously. Time was when a man saw anything that he could not explain, he attributed it to supernatural agencies; now, although he cannot explain half the things that he sees about him every day, he is satisfied that they all come from natural causes. We have progressed so far from the superstitious stage that there has fallen upon the people a plegmatisms that is quite reprehensible, for how many people do you suppose are there in Toronto who know anything about electricity, its nature, its power? How many passengers on an electric street car, if asked why and how the car runs, can explain the phenomenon? "It runs by electricity. You see there are overhead wires connecting with the power house, and that pole connects the car with the wires." This would be the best that you could expect from any of them, yet that would be no explanation at all of this marvel of modern life—this power, fine as thought, hauling huge burdens, constituting a miracle greater than any ever produced by a Herrmann ancient or modern.

The new Herrmann gives pretty much the same exhibition as did his late uncle, who was always so popular in Toronto. We miss a few of the old tricks but witness several new ones. Madame Herrmann plays a much more important part in the show that she did in her husband's day. She not only dances with slimy robes played upon by colored lights, but she appears on the stage and works some wonders herself.

Hanlon's Superba was welcomed quite heartily on its reappearance in town this week, as was evidenced by the crowd that surged about the doors of the Toronto Opera House before every performance. The spectacular gorgeousness and the mirth-provoking mechanical contrivances render Superba worth going to see if only "just for a change," or for a very good laugh. The plot that runs through it is probably known to the majority of theater-goers in Toronto—the conflict of two fairies, a good and bad one, over two loyal but quite helpless lovers, with the triumph of the good fairy and the reunion of the long-parted young people in the end. There is heard in addition a deep, gruff voice summoning the bad fairy, like "the iron tongue of midnight," to a place that is only inferred by the appearance of two imps who carry her off. "And

she was the best-looking woman of the lot," said the small boy regretfully, as he minutely described the "show" to his patient sister. This is the first time that this famous spectacular show has been presented in Toronto at popular prices, and the success attending the venture has been pronounced.

The Banker's Daughter at the Princess Theater this week is one of the most interesting dramas the Cummings Stock Company has put on this season. There are in it some stirring scenes, and the parts have been well allotted. It is really the first opportunity Miss Hall has had of showing what her merits are, and the result is satisfactory.

This has been a very successful season in New York. Charles Frohman heads the list of managers with profits amounting to \$300,000; Jacob Sitt cleared \$150,000; Al. Hayman, \$100,000; Maurice Grau, \$75,000; Klaw & Erlanger, \$75,000, and Richard Mansfield, \$70,000. The earnings of the leading singers are said to have been as follows, although these figures are not, perhaps, very accurate: Sembrich, \$28,800; Lehmann, \$26,250; Nordica, \$24,800; Eames, \$15,000; Brema, \$10,000; Engle, \$4,000; Saville, \$4,000; Mantelli, \$4,000; Adams (per month), \$800; Melba, \$3,000; Zelle de Lussan, \$2,000; Schumann-Heink (per month), \$1,000. Of the tenors, Jean de Reszke is said to have earned \$63,800; Van Dyck, \$23,000; Saleza, \$10,000; Dippel, \$8,000; Saligiac, \$6,000; Cepi, \$3,000; Baritones—Maurle, \$6,000; Albers, \$6,000; Bispham, \$7,500; Campanari (per month), \$1,500; Bassos—Van Rooy, \$12,000; Plancan, \$12,000; Edouard de Reszke, \$28,200.

These figures are surprisingly large, but all is said and done it generally happens that in the ups and downs of the profession the worn-out manager, actor or singer is worse off in old age than at any earlier period of life. On the death of Fanny Davenport it was found that her large fortune had almost entirely disappeared. Margaret Mather, although she drew a salary of hundreds of dollars per week, did not leave behind her money enough to pay for her burial. The big New York managers who have this year made profits that reach the proportions of a fortune, may next season drop every dollar they own. There is no man so outrageously over-paid as the actor, but he probably does not know it because he is the most extravagant and generous of men, and seldom saves anything. He meets so many actors now down in the world whom he used to know when they were popular idols, that he is always giving. Many stories of reckless generosity could be told that would astonish business men and philanthropists. But it will not always be as it is now with regard to salaries, for the Theatrical Trust has probably no purpose more definitely formed in its mind than to wear down that managerial competition which enables an actor who can do a song and dance to earn \$100 per week, and the woman who can sing coon songs or do the chapple down Broadway act to draw \$300 per week. This woman is paid at the rate of \$15,000 per annum, and, to use a comparison that actors will understand, Admiral Dewey, by a special outburst of generosity on the part of his Government, is hereafter to be paid \$13,000 per annum. Ability is the thing that an actor vends, and at current prices he is overpaid. Managerial competition has kept prices up, but this rivalry is diminishing, and actors will do well to salt down a few shillings as did Joe Murphy, the father of the American stage.

The Countess Russell made her debut as a professional actress at Plymouth, England, on Monday, March 13, and goes on tour playing the leading feminine part in The Runaway Girl.

Dr. Conan Doyle will offer in his stage version of Sherlock Holmes a new phase of that hero's career. The stories of him that already existed did not seem to lend themselves to dramatic treatment.

Romeo Counting the Cost.

London Globe.

MANY a poet and poetess, from Sappho down, has sung the rapturous glories of love's young dream. Which of all of them has shown us the perplexity of young Romeo's mind, the tragic realism of his laborious arithmetical calculations, as he sits down with pen and ink, to count the cost of leading Juliet to the altar? Has he, financially, the right to ask her the momentous question? Is his income sufficient to secure Juliet from any lack of the luxuries to which she has been accustomed in the house of Capulet? Above all, will papa Capulet deem it sufficient when he is asked for his consent and blessing? Alone, in his bachelors' chambers, Romeo is very comfortable, nor altogether a stranger to luxury. But he is alone, which is not good for man; he is very much in love; there is only one girl in the world for him; he can be ever grapple with the expenses which are incidental to marriage with the one ideal woman, an ethereal creature, no whit lower than the angels? He will have to take a house—no ordinary house will serve as the abiding-place of an ethereal, angelic ideal—and it will have to be furnished with full measure of the dainty poetry of Tottenham Court road. Delicate meats daily for Juliet, and wines of fairyland in glass of Venice, a grand piano in her boudoir, and a maid to robe her in soft satin and dress her glorious hair. Ah, Romeo, she deserves all these good things, of that we have no doubt whatever; but so does many another charming English maiden who, take our word for it, will gladly say Yes to the man of her heart who can offer her a happy home wherein she may really live, and move about, doing her duty as one of its active managing directors, not as the passively ornamental inmate of a ridiculous doll's house. The expenses incidental to the maintenance of such an establishment are neither to be

lightly esteemed nor dreaded as beyond your grasp. Moreover, are there not certain works of reference to be consulted, which will instruct you how to furnish comfortably, eat heartily, drink judiciously, and be everlasting happy though married, on a minimum of incidental expense? Consult them, Romeo, consult them; and then, when you are in a position to increase their estimates by at least one-half, lay your case before old Capulet and be sanguine as to the result. The betting, in philosophic circles, will be in favor of rice and orange-blossoms.

The Countess of Minto's Fur Coat.

SATURDAY NIGHT published on its front page last week a portrait of the Countess of Minto wearing a fur coat, and the following remonstrance has been sent us by a reader, whose name we withhold:

DEAR SIR: Your picture of Lady Minto in her fur coat will do much to perpetuate the belief that Canada is a region of snow and ice. You should send a copy to the New York *Suns*. It will doubtless be very acceptable. I thought that you had some sense.

March 24, '99.

The excellent portrait of the Countess of Minto published last week was from a photograph by Topley of Ottawa. It represented Lady Minto in the full length fur coat worn by her at the time, and which the camera had not the sense to disguise. What we appear to need is a patriotic camera, for we can scarcely expect distinguished sojourners among us to do what our correspondent presumably does—wrap himself in only a linen cloth when he goes to have his photograph taken. If he has not recently been seen in this tropical costume on King street it may only mean that he has not been photographed lately.

The worst enemy our climate has is the man who thinks that we must conceal the real facts concerning it, whereas all we need is to see that it is not misrepresented. When various illustrated publications were running mad with pictures of ice carnivals, icebergs and blizzards, SATURDAY NIGHT began publishing Christmas numbers that conveyed no wrong impression of our climate, and kept at it so continuously that the ice-bound Christmas literature has been completely put out of fashion. This country need ask no more than to be presented to the world as it really is. Our climate needs no apology. The Countess of Minto wore furs before she ever saw Canada, and will do so after returning to Europe. This paper has done its share to suppress the ice-palace nonsense, but, on the other hand, it will make no attempt to convince the world that we import snowballs from Russia and icicles from Iceland. Let us tell the truth unashamed, that here we have winter and summer, and can grow ice and peaches on the same farm at different seasons. May we not take this view of the matter and still have some sense?

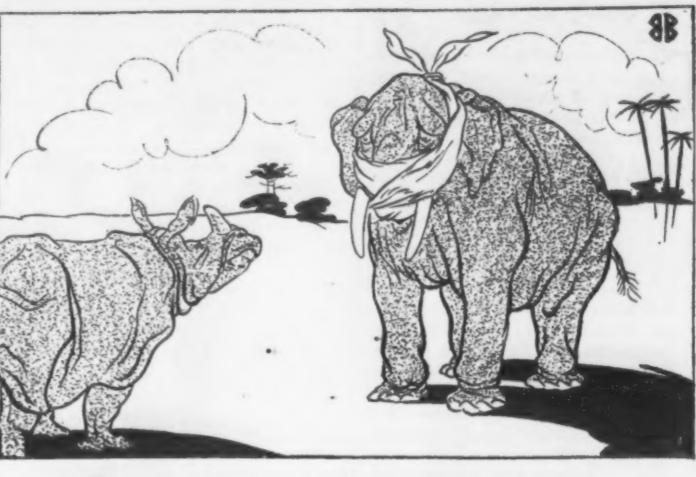
The Two Misses Capulet.

By W. J. THOROLD.

BEFORE this season has been wrapped up snugly in tattered paper and coaxed to lie down and rest on a bed of nice new camphor balls for the summer, we shall have two fresh-laid Julietts to talk about under our summer girl's June parasol. Two actresses, both youthful and fascinating, will try a little cream of Avon on their con-ciences—for Willie's preparations are accounted a sure cure for artistic freckles and critical sunburn. One, bonnie little Maude Adams—the delicious incarnation of sweetness; the other, brilliant tropical Julia Arthur—she of the fathomless eyes.

The novelty about these two Misses Capulet lies in the fact that both actresses are of an interesting age, which, even if I knew, I wouldn't tell. But I fancy it must be somewhat the same in each case and about equal to a reporter's salary. Now, you may guess again. Julia and Maude are rushing at the lovesick Italian before their rheumatism has become troublesome and while their *embonpoint* is still lacking in suggestions of feather boas and cream puffs. Usually it takes a woman to play Juliet who has enjoyed the opportunity of studiously observing her own grown-up daughters in order that she may emotely weeply enough in her delineation of the passionate misery of a heroine fourteen years old. But this spring, after insisting upon it, we shall avoid substitutes, for we are to get the real article—the lithe maiden recently out of the nursery with an aroma of sweetmeats and spankings still clinging to her. Naturally Julia Arthur and Maude Adams will suggest different preferences in their confectionery. Lady Babbie will doubtless betray her weakness for marshmallows, and Clorinda Wildair will intimate her fondness for chocolate drops. They will be different. And they will entertain us—

But this epidemic of Shakespeare has its practical aspects. Think of the benefit to trade; what a lot of merchandise Miss Arthur and Miss Adams will require in the way of pine, canvas, size, glue, colors, leather, hair, satins, silks, tin, tinsel and volts! I suppose the natural outcome of it all will be that the laudable ambition of these actresses will be good for trade, we shall be mightily entertained while the dandelions are in bloom—and more planes and cigars will be called after the admired



The Rhinoceros—What's the trouble, old man? you look worried.
The Elephant—That confounded landlady's held my trunk for board.
—Scribner's

the two girls from Verona, Miss Blonde Capulet and Miss Brunette Capulet.

ladies. I only hope that no chemist will name a new poison after either of the two Misses Capulet!

St. Louis, March 26.

The Madness of Writing.

THE editor of the *Cosmopolitan* states that his magazine has from fifteen to twenty thousand manuscripts submitted to it for publication every year. I looked over the number of the magazine in which the editor makes this statement and find that it contains but fifteen contributions, and as twelve numbers are issued in the year this allows for a consumption of 180 contributions, and a rejection of at least 14,820 manuscripts per annum. This means that the manuscripts accepted by the *Cosmopolitan* average less than four per week, while 285 are rejected every week in the year. I have often thought that no magazine could possibly publish an article that would have a wider interest or give promise of more good than one giving the true facts about supply and demand in the literary field. How many manuscripts are received per year in the various magazine offices and by the literary editors of daily and weekly papers? And what is the percentage of acceptances? Young men and women not unnaturally assume that because they can write a better story than one that is published, they can therefore write one and get it published and follow it with plenty of others, and so make a reputation and a livelihood. They dabble their hands in ink and begin a career that ends in heart-break. The unluckiest are those who win petty successes that lure them on and on until they are incapable of turning aside and succeeding at something else. Parents, ignorant of what they do, fill the minds of sons or daughters who have shown some aptitude in their school compositions, with hopes of a literary career, and tell them how Kipling made \$30,000 out of one story. All over America children are thus being filled with false hopes and editors are half-burden beneath inflowing manuscripts from raw young persons who have scarcely gone far enough in their studies to learn that "sugar" is not spelled "shugar." These parents should be let into the secret that there are thousands of university graduates, men of travel and social experience, starving in the effort to support themselves as writers. In this age of popular education any boy can write a story that will be good enough to astonish his father. Anybody who can read can write a story that will not be very bad; the editor who rejects it may be compelled to admit that there is nothing much wrong with it. There are, however, one or two hundred thousand other persons writing just the same kind of stories.

MAC.

Church Parade in London.

CHURCH parade is a London custom which is of more or less interest according to the weather. When Sunday is a reasonably pleasant day, the swells go to the park after church is over, and walk up and down for the space of half an hour or so, while they gossip about one another, and the rabble look on in wonder, and the reporters prepare minute descriptions of costumes, the same to be printed in large type in the engrossing fashion of English journals. Anybody can see by reading the following items from *Modern Society* that the church parade is worth attending: "Church parade, though not crowded in the showy weather of Sunday, was smartly attended. Lady Hood wore a long satin cloak, which almost touched the ground, with large reveres of white satin; her ornaments were opals. Miss Toulie Lowther wore a bright red double-breasted jacket over a limp pink skirt, with a white linen collar, a black satin skirt, a red hat, and a very prominent watch-chain. There was a jacket of white cloth, which looked like a pillar-box partially swathed in a white sheet; also an extraordinary cloak, which gave the wearer the appearance of a sheep walking on its hind legs. Lord Crichton wore a long blue ulster and an eye-glass."

MAC.

A LENTEN REFLECTION.

I.
Miserable sinners most of us are
Who gaze at thy sufferings, but from afar,
Sorely afraid to approach too near,
Lest, what we prize and hold most dear,
Thou shouldst demand of us!

II.
We are so blind, we cannot see,
So oft, we hide our faces from Thee,
Groping and stumbling at every turn,
Grant that at last we may come to learn,
What Thou requirest of us!

III.
Oh! Help us in Life's endless fight,
Throw on our path some ray of light,
That in our contact with weak and strong
We may distinguish 'twixt right and wrong
And know what thou willest of us!

IV.
Not only know but wish to do
That which is right, and indeed to rue
The wrongs and thesains which hold us bound
Each day, each hour, and hem us around
And obscure our view of Thee!

V.
Help us to cleanse our natures vile,
From faults which we in others revile,
To bear the trials which fret us each day,
Help us to bend our pride and say,
"This Thou requirest of us!"

VI.
If in the rays of Thy pure light
What we prize most should seem not right,
Give us the strength to yield to Thee
What we hold dearest if needs must be,
And Thou desire it of us!

VI.
Canadians great ability delighted in
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EASTER LILIES.

Bloom anew the Easter lilies,
Pure and white as snow,
Messengers of peace and gladness
Sent to man below,

Breathing out the olden story,
Hear the sweet refrain:
Christ is risen in His glory;
Come will come again;

Come to ga'her fadeless lilies—
Sons of spotless white
To adorn supernal mansions
In His realms of Light.

ANNIE GARVIN.

Peterborough, March, '99.

Easter Poems.

Dedicated to Rev. Canon Bleasdale, D.C.L., rector, and the people of St. George's church, Trenton, in loving Easter greeting.—HORATIO GILBERT PARKER.

[NOTE.—We are indebted to Mr. Parker for a copy of the little folder of Easter Poems issued by Gilbert Parker when he was acting curate of St. George's church, Trenton, Ont. This leaflet was probably issued at Easter, 1894. Mr. Parker did not seriously begin literary work until after going to Australia in 1896.—EDITOR.]

EASTER BELLS.

Swinging swinging,
Hear the ringing
Of the great bells in the steeple.

For the Earth is glad to-day!

Pealing pealing,
Echoes stealing

Through the great

Mr. and Mrs. Franklyn McLeay.

Mr. McLeay as Allan Villars in *The Red Lamp*.

As everybody who takes any interest in things dramatic, Franklyn McLeay has taken to himself a wife in the person of Miss Grace Warner, the charming and only daughter of Chas. Warner, who in the seventies and eighties was the leading man at the old Princess and at the Adelphi theaters in London—a warm personal friend of the late Charles Reade and the principal

actor in the plays that came from the pen of that gifted author. In *Reade's Drink*, an adaptation from Zola's *L'Assommoir*, Mr. Warner created the part of Coupeau, around whose descent from sobriety to delirium tremens and death the whole play swings. He has played this wonderful part nearly three thousand times in the Motherland and in Australia, and I must say that I have never seen anything approaching Warner's portrayal of the death scene of the gin-sodden Coupeau. Mr. Warner is still an active leader in the profession in London, and is at present the head of a company playing *The Three Musketeers* in the provinces. So much for Warner *per se*.

Mr. McLeay first met his charming wife while playing Nero in *The Sign of the Cross* with Wilson Barrett. Miss Warner played the Empress, and not only completely won the heart of the fearful Nero on the stage, but performed a much more difficult, though a more womanly part, in winning the heart of one of the most brilliant young actors of the day.

Miss Warner may be said to have been cradled behind the footlights, and from childhood has been playing her part on the stage. When a girl of fifteen she accompanied her father on a lengthy tour



Mrs. Franklyn McLeay.

to the Antipodes and there played leading lady to him in his many productions. Mr. Warner's rule to always produce high-class plays gave his talented daughter many opportunities of which she readily took advantage. Her Desdemona and Ophelia and Juliet all obtained the heartiest commendations of the audiences in Australia and marked her down as an actress and the true child of her father.

In appearance, Mrs. McLeay is tall, of a very fair complexion and carries herself with the graceful stateliness of a queen. At the Bisley Conversazione, held in the Canadian Bungalow last year at Bisley, Miss Warner was certainly the finest-looking and best dressed woman present. At the present time, Miss Warner is playing a leading part at the Lyceum Theater here in *The Only Way*, an adaptation of Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities*.

There is a singularly cosy flat in the west end of London where Mr. and Mrs. McLeay are now enjoying the perfect pleasures of a real home, sweet home. Needless to say, all is perfect there. To a somewhat disgruntled bachelor, like the lonely writer of these lines, who is still in the market with no offers, the home of the McLeays in London seems a corner in the seventh heaven. I am sure that all



Franklyn McLeay as Louis XI.

Canadians and all those who admire the great ability of Franklyn McLeay will be delighted to learn of his new world of happiness. As for McLeay himself, when I say there are not half a dozen better paid actors in Europe than he, there is but little more to be said. His present performance of Cardinal Richelieu in *The Three Musketeers* at Her Majesty's Theater under Mr. Tree has attracted a great deal of attention. In Mr. Tree's coming production of *King John*, Mr. McLeay will probably be Hubert or King John. In the days to come, and in the not very distant days to come, Mr. and Mrs. McLeay at the head of their own company will be touring through America, and then it will be that many people in Toronto will be able to see and will undoubtedly marvel at the way a once pale-faced student of English liter-

ature at Toronto University has climbed up the ladder of dramatic art to the very topmost height.

The London Colonial Club, of which I have spoken before, is going to be one of the most welcome institutions in the Metropolis. The fine club-rooms now being fitted up in Whitehall Court, adjoining the National Liberal Club and on the Thames Embankment, will be second to none in London in point of comfort and good taste. The warming ceremonies are expected to take place on or before April 1. Any Canadian visiting London can be "put up" at the Club by a member.

T. H. G.

A Detail of Revenge.

In the backyard of Ontario there is a small wilderness village named Caykagnabelling on the northern shore of Firefly Lake. The lake is marked on the maps, but the village is not marked on any, but it ought to be, because the biggest sawmill in the world is there. The whole long year the hot white gang-saws march abreast through the rough-skinned logs, singing their wild, keen chanty, and the air is sweet with the woody smell of the freshly-cut planks and the moist sawdust.

And in the dark of the night the ever-burning cressets of the twin refuse-burners look like raw red flares from a little distance, and when the wind is strong two flicking guidons of flame are waved on the open sky.

In the mother-forgotten wilderness two miles north of Caykagnabelling is a grisly shaking bog of some acre that it is perilous to cross without snow-shoes, because the floor is thin and between the floor and the underside of the world is black dead slime of the consistency of mola-sea. The floor is carpeted with squaw's hair moss, a wonderful tender green in color and soft as deep-piled velvet. Pitcher plants, that wondrously capture flies and eat them, grow around the margin of the bog, and there are many golden Mary-buds to keep the fly-catchers company.

Last autumn, by the arrangement of Ba'teese Le Rouge, Maxime Gladbois and Peter Skunk, the alligator boat, Mee-shee-bee-shee (Cheep-i-way for Lonely Walker) went down in this bog, and is now in a lower grave than ever was, far down in the depths of the insides of the earth, and her skipper and her engineer went down with her, also by the arrangement of the trinity of iniquitous scoundrels above named.

Maxime and Ba'teese are Metis from the Red River and are much wanted by the Mounted Police, and also by the police of the city of Winnipeg, for small details of arson and house-breaking and horse theft. Peter Skunk is a pure-blood Esk-i-mo Indian of shady antecedents. To my sure knowledge this out-dweller is a seducer of women and a wife-stealer. There are several sharp spears and one or two loaded rifles waiting for him if he ever goes back to his own people, which is not probable.

Kunnick-tak-ke-ya (Black Tooth) is his Esk-i-mo name, if you wish to know.

All three were in the service of the Caykagnabelling Lumber Company, Limited, in two senses of the word. Ba'teese was master of the alligator Mee-shee-bee-shee. Maxime and Peter were her deck hands. Last October, when some maples were red as blood and some yellow as amber, and all like torches in the slanting light-beams at sunsetting, the alligator Mee-shee-bee-shee, which lay in Firefly Lake by Caykagnabelling town, was ordered of a sudden to proceed northward to the Company's camp at Waw-goosh Lake and winter there. The Company owns many alligators, but of them all the Lonely Walker was the finest. She had 200 h.p., she had a 9000 candle-power search-lamp and strings of incandescents. She was the pride of her skipper's heart, and her engineer would not have exchanged her glittering gear for the quadruple expansion engines of the *Lucania*, or her little purring dynamo for the twin roaring machines that make the light on the biggest floating hotel that ever took out clearance papers.

An hour before midnight on the last Sunday in the month the Mee-shee-bee-shee climbed aland out of the lake and began her last trek, her big syren hooting, the long finger of the search-ray pointing ahead and a comet's tail of sparks blowing astern from the funnel mouth. The first stage on her road was a three-mile portage to the southern end of Kee-gawn Lake.

It was a black night. She climbed the stark slope of the granite ridge behind the village and slid down on the other side. As she came to a stop at the bottom the bitter autumn rain slanted across the bare level in a washing fury.

The hands got the cable snubbed to a boulder ahead, and the alligator crawled forward again, like a huge black beetle with a wondrous far-shining eye and a long tail of star-dust.

Now it chanced that the skipper, Big John Marshall, did not know the trail. It was a strange trail for the Mee-shee-bee-shee. She had always worked for a camp on Du mik Lake, in a north-easterly direction from Caykagnabelling. But Peter Skunk, and Ba'teese the Red and Maxime Gladbois knew it very well.

Now, Ba'teese hated the skipper because Michigan Mary, whom Ba'teese loved, had lately reviled him and shown a fondness for Captain John. It had lately come to her ears that Ba'teese had a wife on the Red River. Michigan Mary lives in Caykagnabelling, in her own house, and Michigan Sam, who was her husband, fell across a rushing saw in the mill ten years ago and one year after her marriage. Ba'teese did not hate Captain John a little. His hatred was like his love, a living fire in his heart. Ba'teese was of a nasty blend of bloods, and the strain of malice in him was deep.

So, that night, of a sudden it came to Ba'teese that the bog was dead ahead, and that he could get even. He made a simple plan, and conferred with Maxime and Peter Skunk, who did not love Captain John because he had administered kicks to them on two or three occasions when they had not obeyed his orders with the degree of alacrity that was desirable. The three arranged for the interment of the alligator and her skipper and engineer.

In the dead hour of two the alligator neared the edge of the bog. The sharp crystal lances of the rain lashed upon the roof of the wheelhouse, and the captain nodded in his chair. All at once his clay pipe fell from his lips upon the floor and was broken. Then up and spoke Ba'teese, the mate, who stood beside the wheel.

"Cap," said he, "you go and take ze sleep."

"By the Holee Smoke, Ba'teese, I believe I will!" answered Captain John, and he went. Three minutes later he was sleeping soundly upon the sofa in the little cabin.

Now, Scotty MacPherson, the engineer, was also asleep, in his engine-room. The "dope" that Ba'teese had put in the quart bottle of whiskey from which he had given both skipper and engineer drinks had been most efficacious. And both men had taken unsparing "jolts."

The cable was snubbed to a tree about one hundred feet from the edge of the bog. In a little time the clacking, snickering winch brought the boat up to the tree. Then Ba'teese stopped the winch, and Peter Skunk and Maxime skirted the margin of the bog, dragging the hawser, and made fast to a tree on the north side directly opposite the Mee-shee-bee-shee. At this place the morass is about 150 yards wide.

When Maxime and Peter returned to the boat the engineer and the skipper were still sleeping. Ba'teese started the gear and jumped from the deck to the ground.

The hawser stretched and the alligator moved forward shuddering. The earth was moist and she scraped a furrow as she strained herself steadily ahead. At length she came to the margin; presently she moved slowly into it, rolling the moss-carpeted floor up ahead of her as a blanket is rolled. She sank to her gunwales, but she still dragged herself forward. But when she was about twenty-five feet from the margin the cable broke with a sharp snap. In fifteen minutes the Mee-shee-bee-shee had disappeared. Ten hours afterward Ba'teese, Maxime and Peter had also disappeared.

They have not been heard of since. Many people say that the version of the story that has been set down here is erroneous. They say that the sinking of the alligator was accidental, that none of the crew knew the bog, that they believed they could cross it safely, and that all went down together. Also there are men who say openly that the crew of the Mee-shee-bee-shee was very drunk. Which is defaming the dead.

MARSTYN POGUE.

Toronto, March, 1899.

Do You Know That Man?

If you are walking along King street with a friend you will probably not go more than a block before he will say to you: "Do you know that man to whom I just spoke?" You do not, and the asking of the question gives a queer idea of your friend, who, by his own confession, appears to have exchanged greetings in the cheeriest manner imaginable with a man of whose name, occupation, character and antecedents he knows nothing.

"If you don't know him why do you go to the pains of bowing and smiling upon him so engagingly?" you ask.

"I know him," he replies. "At least I should know him—we have met somewhere and we always speak, but I can never get the least clue to his identity. I never see him with anybody of my acquaintance whom I could appeal to afterwards. Of course I might follow him home some night and then look him up in the directory."

"I have it!" you exclaim. "You have what?" he asks. "That man you just spoke to?" "Who is he?" "Were you ever at a hanging?" "A hanging?" "Yes, an execution. Perhaps that is Radcliffe, the hangman, and perhaps you



Playing House.

have seen him officiating and his face has become impressed—"

"No, I never was at a hanging," he interrupts. "Are you never troubled in the same way? Do you not find that you know the faces of people who speak to you, but you don't know who owns them?"

And you are compelled to admit that if half the people to whom you speak on the street were to demand their names of you, you would be in an awkward fix. You have met them somewhere; you do not doubt that they are very proper persons; you like their appearance; they speak to you and you to them. It never dawns upon you that they likewise are quite in the dark as to your name, character and antecedents. Yet if you try to break off these unsatisfactory friendships you are sure to suffer in reputation.

The condition is as I have described it, and it is impossible to compute the amount of vitality that men waste every day in Toronto trying to allot names to the faces they recognize on the street. The man who devises a remedy for this evil shall have lived to some purpose and I have a suggestion to make. How would it do to reverse the usual mode of addressing acquaintances? As matters stand now you meet McNaughton on the street and you greet him with, "Hello, Brown," and he cordially exclaims, "Hello, Bilton, old boy." You know perfectly well that your name is Armstrong, but you do not wish to spoil the occasion by setting him right—especially as it does not much matter. He knows that his name is McNaughton, but he does not hurt your feelings by saying so. How much better if you spoke from knowledge instead of at a venture! Suppose you said to him: "Hello—Armstrong," and he replied, "Hello—McNaughton." You would thus accost him and utter your own name in an explanatory tone, and he would respond in like manner. You could both assume, of course, that the mentioning of names between acquaintances was an absurd formality, but it would save both of you from feeling and being ridiculous. You could introduce McNaughton to a third person, which you cannot now do. The third person is a man of importance, and McNaughton is clearly dithering for an introduction, but you are helpless—that is, you are helpless unless you feel sure that his name is Brown. In that case you introduce him and he corrects you—"Not Brown—McNaughton, McNaughton," and all three of you feel ridiculous and begin looking at your watches and remembering urgent appointments.

It would be a great convenience, too, in other ways, if people, instead of guessing at the names of everybody else, would mention their own. Some names are difficult pronunciation—the owners could utter them with authority. The man of title could, by his greeting, indicate how he expected to be addressed. In a dozen, a thousand ways it would simplify life

and expedite business. It would expedite business particularly. A man now comes in upon you without presenting a card and exhibiting to you a countenance on which a barber has recently changed all the decorations. He greets you by name expectantly, and you know that you have had some business or friendly intercourse with the past, so you reply genially. But he reads your secret in your guilty eye and knows you are ransacking your mind for some clue to him.

"I guess perhaps you don't quite remember me!" he says smilingly.

"Well, I ought to know you," you say, flushing up. "I'll place you in a minute. I—I'm a poor hand at faces—no, I remember faces well enough—never forget a face, but I often can't get the name and the face fitted together properly," and you look at him with idiotic interest.

"Bentley," he says, in a suggestive tone and a beaming smile.

"Oh, of course," you exclaim, reaching for his hand eagerly, your whole manner appearing to say: "I'll be forgetting my own name next." As a matter of fact, your mind has been so upset and teased by trying to guess the man's identity that his name, when it is mentioned, recalls nothing to you. But you expect to locate him as you continue your conversation.

And you do. He is the man who sold you a guide edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* last summer, and he has now called to offer you a magnificent work on the Song Birds of Japan, with forty-three hand-colored plates, and he draws the prospectus from his pocket. What can you do but subscribe?

Business would be expedited, money saved, life made pleasanter by the reform I have suggested. Therefore, I begin by accosting the reader: "Hello, —

MACK.

Why I Love Toronto.

APROFOUND philosopher who honors me with his acquaintance is fond of asserting that there are worse places than Toronto. There are. In St. Petersburg, for example, a man is hardly safe to form an opinion about the Government for fear of being popped into prison. Here, if you speak in a low whisper, you can say almost anything against the authorities, provided you proclaim yourself an Imperialist. Or we might be condemned to live in London, where the police take the most unwarrantable liberties in preventing carriages from running over pedestrians. In Toronto you may drive over anyone below the rank of an editor or millionaire.

These, and many other inalienable privileges, endear Toronto to us all. In the first place take theology. Could any city be more blessed with churches of every kind, high and low, plain and fashionable, mortgaged and free? Every taste is gratified, and in all of them the truths of our glorious Protestantism are upheld with a fervor which a mere Luther could not have surpassed. True, we load the Catholic with deserved opprobrium, but his life is nearly always safe, and what more can he desire? Then, the delightful freedom of manners which distinguishes us! No empty civility is wasted by anyone, and we have arrived at that happy stage of development when Jack is better than his master. There lingered, for a time, some relics of mediaeval barbarism in the form of servants, persons who were paid for doing certain work and were required, with malignant cruelty that survived from feudal days, to do it with politeness and capability. But, thanks to Lady Aberdeen, the last shackles were struck from the slaves, and all have become ladies and gentlemen—the ladies scrub the front steps and the gentlemen black the boots. It is a mark of culture to slam a door, and a distinct touch of art to leave one open on a cold day.

The conduct of Toronto children, too, is admirable. After a long struggle parents have at last been reduced to a state of obedience. They domineered over the young until the rebellion of '37 set in and brought the sacred principles of responsible government into every nursery in the land. To shout in the street, to hurl missiles at the poor, and to assert one's personality at the breakfast table have become the duties of all children, pending the passage of that righteous law by the Ontario Legislature which extends the suffrage to all youths over the age of eight (provided their fathers pay taxes). We have thrown off all silly prejudices as regards the female sex. They must now earn their own living—provided they do not compete with men. They may sit

down in the street-car, if some timorous man is weak enough to get up and give them a place. The chivalry which prompted a man to honor the sex because his mother belonged to it, is happily disappearing with the wood block pavement and other superstitions.

But above all, I love Toronto because it is so British. We get our books from Boston, our bonnets from New York, our political policy from Washington, and our accent from Vermont, and still we remain British to the toes of our boots. Do you doubt it? Why, we are always saying so, and what better proof could you demand? But there are other evidences. The lofty tone of our newspapers proves it. The respect for the liberty of the individual is a passion with us. We can hood down a Prime Minister of '75 when he comes as a guest to town, exactly as they do in London. And when our credit with the local tailor is exhausted we bring our clothes from across the ocean.

I had delivered myself thus far when my philosopher friend aforementioned threw a ruler at my head. It is his way of arguing. He was born in Toronto.

CHOLMONDELEY.

Girls and Athletics.

ATHLETICS affect me about the way my dress allowance does," said the first girl, deftly catching her heels on the rung of her chair. "As long as I know that paper is around to help me, when an awfully important ball dress is needed, I revel in economy; but when he is away I worry most of the morning and half of the night about choosing between a necessary street costume and an evening gown that ought to be extra fine, but is not strictly necessary. The same way with athletics—as long as my brothers are near enough to come to my assistance, my knowledge of fencing and boxing makes me quite self-confident, but when mamma and I happen to be alone in the house at night, it is only pride that prevents me from putting the bed-room furniture against the door before retiring, and no thought of active resistance to a possible burglar presents itself to my harassed mind, except as a horrible experiment. I imagine myself murdered and lying stiff on the hall floor to relieve myself of the dread of attacking the thief."

"Dear me! Ahem—my object in asking you this question was to ascertain the extent of the average girl's love for golf, tennis, cycling, etc.," said the woman with eye-glasses, with rather a superior smile.

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Anecdotal.

The Countess of Warwick is said to be the only peeress whose name appears over a shop window. This particular shop, however, is run for the benefit of poor needlewomen. Sixty girls are employed, and the profits are expended for their benefit. One old countrywoman, who saw the name of the countess over the window, did not understand the situation, and exclaimed: "Oh, pore lady, 'ow she must 'ave come down in the world!"

When Miss Adeane, now Mrs. Mallet, was appointed a Maid of Honor, a well-known man of the world, whose guest she was, said to her: "What an interesting diary you will be able to keep!" Miss Adeane replied: "No, that is impossible. The Queen makes it a condition that we should not keep diaries when we are at court." "Oh," said the host, "I think I should keep a very secret one, all the same." "Then, I am afraid you would not be a Maid of Honor," was the happy retort.

A costermonger was summoned before a London magistrate recently for obstructing the traffic. His own account was that he went into a public house "to light his pipe." When he came out a constable threatened to summon him. "What for?" says I. "For stoppin' the line of traffic," he says. I says: "Where is the line of traffic?" "Why, it's gone ahead now," says he. "Then, 'ow could I 'ave stopped it, then?" This Socratic costermonger got off with a warning. He seems worthy of better things.

The manager of a small theater in one of the worst parts of London, meeting a friend one day, near the Horse Guards, the latter enquired how he was getting on. "Oh, we live, sir, we live," was the reply. "Well, I just be off," said his friend: "I'm in a hurry to see about seats for the Italian opera next week." "What?" exclaimed the manager, "does the Italian opera open next week?" I'm very sorry to hear it." "Why, what can it matter to you?" cried the other, "surely, you don't imagine that the opera performance will clash with yours?" "Won't it, though?" was the answer. "My audience won't be inside Her Majesty's but they will all be there—picking pockets!" and, shaking hands, the dismayed manager went sadly on his way.

The smartest bit of political guff that was used during the last provincial campaign in Ontario was introduced. It is said, by a country school teacher, who made stump-speeches for the Liberals. "Mr. Hardy claims a surplus," he shouted, "and Mr. Whitney says there is no surplus. Don't you see the dodge? If the Tories are elected, they will rush into the treasury, and presently they

will come out and say: 'Just as we told you, there is no surplus—and there will be no surplus, not a dollar, a week after the Tories are elected. They will see to it that that part of their argument comes true.' This made such a hit, that stump-speakers were soon using it in every constituency in the province, with killing effect.

A well-known Conservative member of the Dominion Parliament makes very few speeches, and during previous sessions was often chaffed about it by his friends. "If you will all promise to sit in the gallery to-morrow night, and hear me out. I shall make a speech," he said, one day, and they agreed. Late the following night he caught the Speaker's eye and began, his friends beaming upon him from the gallery. He spoke for an hour, then for two, his friends growing quite restless, but with an occasional sweeping glance at the gallery he wandered on and on, until he had been talking for four hours. The House listened and wondered, the Hansard reporters toiled fiercely, the City of Ottawa sat up that night, the newspaper offices all over the Dominion held space open for what was happening, but finally he stopped. His friends no longer dare him to make a speech.

In proof of the assertion that Lord Kitchener mingled with the common people of any country to which he is sent until he speaks the vernacular like a native, a writer in the London Academy relates that one evening, as the British forces neared Khartoum, a Dervish spy was discovered in camp. Information as to the enemy's position and plans was of the highest importance; but neither bribes nor threats could elicit one word from the prisoner; he affected to be deaf and dumb. Another spy was led in, who proved equally obdurate. They were placed for the night in a well-guarded tent. About half an hour later, a third spy was dragged in, who, also, would reveal nothing, and was finally placed in the tent with his fellows. Soon the guards outside heard a murmur of voices from within; the dumb spies had found their tongues; but it was impossible to overhear their talk distinctly or to understand it. An hour passed. Then the door of the tent was thrown open, and the third spy appeared and asked to be conducted to headquarters. It was the Sirdar, who, in disguise, had discovered all he needed to know!

Concerning Floral Tributes.

A Gentle Force. A French Flavoring.
THE young women of Water-town, Wisconsin, have presented Assemblyman Daggett with a floral tribute. Assemblyman Daggett was at his desk, and the grave and reverend seigneurs were in conclave assembled, when the tribute was brought in by that mighty potentate, the Sergeant-at-Arms. It was placed upon his desk, and the scandalized Assembly saw it in all its beauty, for one intense moment, before the honored recipient dashed it to the floor. The cause of the united horror and individual onslaught was a huge floral corset, and the reason of its presentation lies in the fact that the Honorable Daggett is the mover of the French gentleman and lady, their delicate and quaint flattery, is as the scent of the old-time lavender to the rich perfume of the American beauty rose, compared with its cruder and less subtle development in other nations. And this sweet, old-time, charming tone is wafted here and there in the political, social, or work-a-day life in the Capital just now, sweetly permeating it all, from the graceful speech and courtly manner of the Premier, to the smiling, deft, anxious and admiring little Marie, who drops her dust-pans and sweater in a corner of the corridor and flies to lace your ball gown with solicitous alacrity, and a truly French pleasure in your adornment. It is in me to love the French people, because they illustrate the beauty of traits I have never possessed. Their language, their gestures, their style and their religion appeal to me in a very subtle way, as things outside my own nature but admirable. Even those awful small beings, the gamins of the gayest city on earth, have for me a weird fascination. An Irish or an English nun never rouses in me the same admiration or respect as a French one. The highest noble on the roll of Burke does not impress me like the high-voiced, bright-eyed, long-trembled, saint-protected old Marquise, with her scraps of yellow lace, and her lorgnette, which four or five generations have peeped through.



"I am not satisfied with the progress you are making, Miss Sophia. I don't think you practice enough."
"Oh, Professor, I know it; but we have been given notice to leave six houses since I commenced taking music lessons."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

and manner. He develops a gravity which is over-awing at times, if he knows his business, and makes up properly. He is reticent of promises and dignified in method, becoming the power behind the throne, but he always gets there, and so do you, if he casts his protecting care about you. With an up-to-date revision of a famous thinker's remark, I say, feelingly: "You may have the Cabinet Ministers, if you give me the private secretaries."

I should think the Ottawa people not occupied by the desire for personal advancement or any other blinding materialism, would be glad of the distinctively appetizing flavor given to the social stew by the fact of their Premier being Frenchman. There is something very subtle and charming in the old French ways, their sunny courtesy, their naive friendliness, their gracious, pretty, quick perception. What tenacity they show to their traditions, and how charming is even their obstinacy in some small matters. Personally, I enjoy more the oldest seigneur, in his out-of-date clothing, his primitive etiquette, so simple and stately and respectable, born in him, and fitting him like a glove, than the newest ebullition of pomp and grandeur built upon unlimited beer. The unselfish courtesy of the French gentleman and lady, their delicate and quaint flattery, is as the scent of the old-time lavender to the rich perfume of the American beauty rose, compared with its cruder and less subtle development in other nations.

Nature must be assisted in throwing off the poison that has accumulated in the system during these months, else people fall an easy prey to disease. A tonic is needed, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the greatest tonic medicine in the world. These pills make red, red blood; strengthen tired nerves and make dull, listless men, women and children feel bright, active and strong.

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They prove invaluable in strengthening and toning up the system when debilitated. Having used them for some time past I can speak most favorably of their beneficial results. As an invigorator of the constitution they are all that they claim to be."

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Imitations never cured anyone, and there are numerous pink-colored imitations against which the public is cautioned. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not keep them send to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed postpaid at 50¢ a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

The Peasant's Parcel.

"LWAYS act," said a good coun-

try postmaster, who was in- structing a new clerk in his duties, "as if the person on the other side of the window were the postmaster-general." This was whole-some advice; partly because the humblest citizen deserves to be politely treated by every servant of the public, and partly because the humblest-looking citizen may really be the postmaster-general, or some one equally high in authority. Many a clerk has found himself in trouble, if not actually removed from his place, for lack of habitual considerateness in this regard.

Such a case was recently reported by the newspapers of Vienna, as having occurred at the main post-office at Trieste. A peasant came in and offered a package to be mailed. The clerk at the window told him that it was not properly put up, and refused to receive it. The peasant was confused, and said:

"How shall I put it up?"
"That's for you to know," said the clerk, gruffly.

Here a by-stander intervened to ask the clerk if he could not give the peasant an idea how he should do up the parcel, and the clerk called to the by-stander:

"If you are not satisfied, you can complain to the superintendent."

The by-stander appealed to the superintendent, who informed him that it was no part of the duty of post-office employees to instruct the public, and referred him to the postmaster. Then the gentleman said:

"I have no time in which to hunt up the postmaster, but I shall be obliged if you will present my card to him,

man can with a Gatling gun."

The next night he entered the house with the exclamation:

"I told you so. That dog's gone for certain. There hasn't so much as a growl been heard from him since I wrote;" and the third night he ex-patiated at length upon the value of being a good letter writer.

The fourth night there was a letter waiting for him when he reached home, and fortunately he saw it before making any remark about the dog. Across the face of it the following was stamped: "No such number in street named." It was his letter about the dog, returned to him owing to a mistake he had made in the address.

The dog is still missing from the street, but he no longer attempts to give the reason for it.—Ex.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every photographic study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Photographic studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be unanswered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, s. raps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosed unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Maple.—I. Don't I know the "shadows" as you call them? You should take care as you read your letter! 2. Your writing shows imagination, refinement, and a good deal of impulsive. You are energetic, a little hasty and very self-reliant. You must be careful not to try to do too much. Ambition and endurance are strong in you. All your efforts are buoyant. I think you are a little vain; but you are so charmingly impetuosity, you have discretion, a bright, pleasant temper, and some originality. Think how often you say, "Please pass the salt." Are you sure you always get the best things? 3. No lump in it—no impurity—and with the full strength of the natural crystal.

"Salt at table" means salt on the fork for your eat, and if you wish to avoid eating impurities always order.

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heart—so and so. You had best write to Greene Ave., Brooklyn, enclosing a dollar, and order the book about the Zoological Signs. It takes too much space to write in this column. 2. Your writing is honest, emphatic, practical, but very crude.

Lady Dolly.—1. Lady Gay greets your ladyship with good wishes for Easter in return for your New Year pleasant words. 2. Your writing is refined, magnetic, self-reliant, and very attractive. Your thoughts are clear and well expressed.

3. Your nature is not poised, and your desire is not a trifle, though you are very energetic. Perhaps your best qualities are to be rubbed into radiance, not to be developed in quiet ways. Your courtesy and tenacity are good, and your mind bright with quick perception and brilliant expression. You are certainly well worth further discipline and development.

Nana.—It is a cheerful, adaptable, contented nature, fond of ease, generally cautious and conventional, with some shyness; tends to expand, energy and profitably constant in effort, and fitted in purpose, but not markedly forceful; writer has considerable taste and a sweet disposition; would illustrate in practice the motto, "Live and let live."

4. Your writing is good, and you would never say a stupidly,ounding word. Tact, shyness, smart, quick, energetic thought and prompt action are shown in your writing, and set off on opportunity, but I think you would secure advantage, and through lack of care, relinquish it afterwards. 5. A dashing, study, truly. Would you make a trained nurse? Well, I'd like you to be mine.

Hearts.—Truth, courage, candor, some shyness, and a desire for independence, not much logic, but good intuition and conscientious effort, are shown.

Glory Quayle.—You are from New York, ma'am. Another Glory hath received a name. In this column; not a bit like you. You should be a charming requiring taste, careful work, level judgment, and some eye for effect. Writing shows deliberation, easy temper, some love of beauty, a rather cheerful but not amorous person, quick, and set off on opportunity and conscientious effort. Your mind is wiggled.

Nora O. R. Allen.—A very attractive study, somewhat original, self-reliant, sensible and logical. You are modest and self-respecting, rather reserved and averse to strife and excitement. Would never be a fool, but you have a good deal of sympathy and good sequence of ideas. I will get you the translation of the words for next week. You can adapt yourself to circumstances, have considerate talent, and a decided line in whole study. Neatness, order, thrift and some proper pride are suggested.

A. Goodman.—A breezy and lively person, full of energy, disposed to enterprise and speculative thought, not averse to sentiment, quick, tenacious, frank and somewhat impulsive. You need a care, which he would take on quickly; has great force, some cleverness, and loves the beautiful. Likes a good display, but is not a prodigal. There is a curious hint of pessimism behind all his dash.

Trevener, Welland.—Your study is probably very youthful. It is distinctly wavering, but promising. I think, perhaps, you'd better develop a bit first, my Scotch thistle.

Dainty Gifts
For Easter

The budding days of spring are represented here in pretty little cards and booklets for Easter gifts.

Exquisitely bound volumes in white leather and cloth.

There's a table devoted to them.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,
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Is the way to buy tea, and the best tea packed in lead is MONSOON. To get it you have to ask for it.

All Grocers—25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cts. per pound.

MONSOON
INDO-CEYLON TEA

man can with a Gatling gun."

The next night he entered the house with the exclamation:

Studio and Gallery

PICTURE buying is surely increasing. Unfortunately, this is more conspicuous in other localities than Toronto. The London Daily News tells of a landscape exhibition at Dudley, when half-a-dozen artists contributed fifty pictures, and out of the fifty, thirty were sold, and all the sales at catalogue prices. This sounds here like a fish story. At the Pastel Exhibition in London the sales are "more than satisfactory." An English Journal, speaking of it, says: "It is not merely the novelty that is the draw; it is also that the collection has what Wordsworth so happily calls 'the modest charm of not too much.' Certainly, where it can be done, the grouping of each man's work and the spacing of the panels with well-judged intervals, make a show peculiarly attractive. And whatever helps the whole show furthers the chances of individual sales."

The O. S. A. had also the same modest charm and attractive arrangement, with not quite such good success in selling. However, the Landscape Painter in the Studio sums up the situation something as follows: "Buyers are not attracted by seeing pictures in exhibitions, but in the studios. Pictures demand isolation to be appreciated. Exhibitions are not for picture buyers, but picture seers. The ordinary scratch exhibition of good, bad and indifferent simply confuses the public, who have no inherent standard to enable them to discriminate. The good work is swamped or killed outright, for it may be almost accepted as an axiom that good exhibition pictures are bad art."

The O. S. A. has reason to congratulate itself on the success of its late exhibition. The attendance was very much better than usual, and the receipts more satisfactory. We feel sure the display was also more enjoyable in every way. One evidence of growth of art interest is to be found in the fact of the more intelligent and copious criticisms which many not in art circles were known to give, quite independent of, and in cases contrary to, the decisions arrived at by the newspapers. Some even went so far as to differ with the Telegram.

Different schemes are being devised in many places and by differing interests, to give expression to either the gratitude or the self-commendation which is felt on the approach of a new century. Church friends suggest raising money for funds, none too well supplied, as a fitting memorial. Secular interests, to collect in one display something of what has been accomplished, and show ourselves what we can really do, for what we can do is the measure of our advancement. Glasgow proposes to mark the new century by erecting a new, or partially new, art gallery for exhibition purposes, near their University. Toronto could not do better than follow in the footsteps of Glasgow in this matter, and commemorate the new century by the erection of an Art Museum. Let it be a focussing of all that has been gained in art here during the past. We are encouraged to learn that the Parks and Gardens Committee recommend the investing of \$10,000 in a building for art at the Industrial. We hope all the other authorities involved will be standing at the same point of view when this recommendation comes before them. No other department labors under such disadvantages. All other exhibitions are provided with room to display all their material together, but the art exhibit may be hunted for and found in several localities quite apart from each other, if found at all.

In the studio of Miss M. Cary McConnell are two interesting portraits, the work of her hands. Both are heads, the one in oils of Mrs. C. Harvey, the other in water colors of Miss Stevenson. Miss McConnell has always displayed facility in executing a faithful portrait, and these are no exception. Lately she has given her attention to smaller water-color portraits. For these there is an increasing demand.

A very excellent paper, full of practical suggestions, was read by Miss A. Sims, Lady Principal of Rosedale School, at the recent Teachers' Convention on School Art. Miss Sims has been an enthusiastic believer in this movement from its beginning here, and has contributed greatly to the success of the Rosedale League.

—JEAN GRANT.

Fitzhugh Lee's Advice on Giving Advice.

I appointing General Fitzhugh Lee as Consul-General in Havana, President Cleveland made one of the most popular coups of his regime. "There he is a man," said a noted official when he heard of Lee's appointment, "who, in looking after the interests of his countrymen, cannot be blinded, and he has more sand than any man I know."

General Lee was universally liked in Havana, and his administration was regarded with general satisfaction in the United States. American residents in Cuba felt no alarm as to their safety, and he succeeded even in winning the admiration, if not the friendship, of the enemy.

When he was in Havana, Mr. Alvord, calling upon the Consul-General one day with a proposition he believed to be opportune, found him urbane and happy as usual, ready to joke and tell stories while he rapidly did a great deal of work.

"General, I have a suggestion to make that I think will please the world," said Mr. Alvord.

"Hold up there, Blanco!" exclaimed the General. "Never make suggestions. One time when I was a raw Lieutenant just out of West Point, riding across the plains with my troop, I caught sight of some Indians in a little woods. Hastily I rode up to the colonel and said enthusiastically: 'Colonel, I suggest that I take a few troopers and slug the Indians in that camp.'

"Your suggestion is approved," replied the colonel; "pick out your men,

a great artistic personality" is felt all through. Yes, that is it, in all great works—the spirit touch on spirit. Altogether different the one hundred and twenty Rembrandts, in conception, but not in the essential art essence. A great personality here, also, behind the painting! France is to exhibit Rembrandt next. Whether they will ask England's treasures is not stated. It is understood that British collectors hold a large majority, and these of the best, of his works.

The Guild of Women Binders have established a depot of their own in London, and employ a man agent. They have about sixty-seven members, comprising representatives from at least five art organizations. These two things they do, with others: protest against mechanical designs without significance, and seek to introduce decorations which shall be characteristic of the contents of the book to be bound. This is a craft offering opportunities specially for women. It has been an outrage on our art sensibilities to enclose certain books we know in their present casing. A live being in a coffin expresses it somewhat. Much improvement we see, however. Let the book convey that essential quality of all good art, unity—the external, part of and harmonizing with the internal. Express this unity with sentiment, with beauty. Then a book is a lovely thing. Acta Victoriana for February contains a very comprehensive little article on the "Binder Craft," by Mrs. M. E. Dignam, giving also the present Canadian condition of book making.

In the preliminary list of subscribers to the fund for erecting a statue to Sir John Mills, it is interesting to see how well artists are represented, and how generously they have contributed. No better evidence than this could be given of the regard felt for the late President by the members of his own profession, and of their anxiety to do honor to his memory. The choice of a site for the projected statue on the steps of the Tate Gallery is in every way commendable, for Sir John's services to British art were so conspicuous that a memorial to him could not be better placed than in this house of record of the achievements of our native school.

To-day is studio day. The studios will soon be abandoned for the summer, inappropriate and impossible as the word summer sounds at present. Not many more opportunities this season will be yours. Those who have visited during the year we feel sure do not regret it. We imagine some have held back, not being personally acquainted with the artists. Now, if you have any love for pictures, and any small measure of appreciation thereof, you are personally acquainted with the artist. When they say they will be pleased to see you, they mean it. To the list already printed, we add the name of Miss L. Evans, 268 Bloor street west, whose studio will also be open to-day.

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—JEAN GRANT.

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and go for them."

"I selected about fifty good troopers, and made a rush for the Indians. It seemed as if every blade of grass and every branch on the trees turned into war paint and tomahawks. A shower of arrows laid several of us low, and the rustling of the leaves showed that the Indians were in force and well armed. One arrow went through my own body, and I fell in a faint to the ground. Several hours after I was lying in the field hospital just as the colonel went by.

"Hello!" he exclaimed; "what officer is that?"

"The orderly saluted and replied: 'That is young Lieutenant Lee, sir.' 'Ahem!' ejaculated the colonel. 'That is the d— fool who suggested the thing.'

"So," continued Lee, impressively, "don't suggest anything. Do what you are told to do, and let it go at that."

Under the Bondage of the Clock

NO MECHANISM is more widely used, none more indispensable than the clock, writes Edgar Smiley Nash, in the Philadelphia Post. It times little daily tasks; it marks the beginnings of great undertakings; it is consulted constantly. A successful man recently gave as the safest, the surest rule for success: "Keep your eye on the clock."

The advice is ambiguous. There is a watching of the clock that is harmful. Prompiness has been over-lauded as a quality of success. The average young man of to-day prides himself that he is at the bank or in the office at the stroke of nine, and to be consistent in his promptness he lays down his work at the first stroke of six. He keeps his eye on the clock all day long; he watches the moving hands much too closely. He wastes time that is his employer's in thinking how he will spend the evening, in dreaming of the golden future when he will be an employer and need only come to the office when inclination prompts. The young man is punctual with his employer; he is not punctual with himself.

There is another type of man who keeps his eye on the clock from an entirely different motive. He times all his work; he arranges his tasks so that each minute is full. Ten minutes in which to do a certain thing means steady work. It is done, and, keeping his eye on the clock, he maps out and limits some other line of work. At the stroke of six he does not stop unless what he is doing is finished.

There is a watching that saves time, and what more satisfactory balance sheet than that kept with the clock? When the day closes the eight hours' work represents eight hours' work. There comes the satisfaction which results from work faithfully done, the realization that the possibilities of every moment have been utilized. The man is punctual with his employer; he is punctual with himself. He is storing for his future use a reserve fund of power; he is working under

Highgate, Feb. 10th, 1891.

To The C. S. R. Co.

Dear Sirs—



MUSIC

A VERY choice programme of vocal and piano music was given on Saturday afternoon last, in Nordheimer Hall, by Miss Abbie Helmer, pianist, and Miss Bertha Rogers, contralto, pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth and Miss Amy R. Jaffray respectively. Miss Helmer's playing displayed the possession of refined musical taste, a well cultivated technique, and an elastic touch which accommodated itself to the most delicate *nuances* and the most powerful dynamic effects. Miss Rogers displayed a voice of charming quality and color, and interpreted her numbers with appropriate expression, artistic finish, and conscientious fidelity to the text. The select audience were delighted with the recital, and the most gratifying compliments were paid to the young ladies and their teachers. The character of the programme will be indicated when it is said that it included representative compositions by Bach, Rachmaninoff, Schumann, Nevin, Bizet, Chopin, Jadassohn, Tosti and Chisholm.

Mrs. Leonora James Kennedy is announced to give a song recital in the Guild Hall, McGill street, on the evening of April 11. She will have the assistance of Miss Gertrude Hughes, elocutionist, Mr. Paul Hahn, 'cellist, and Mrs. Edward Faulds, pianist. An excellent programme has been prepared for the occasion.

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, the musical critic of the New York *Tribune*, gave his lecture on How to Listen to Music, in Association Hall, on the evening of March 23. Mr. Krehbiel is not an effective speaker in any sense of the word; his delivery is so indistinct that it is wearisome to attempt to follow him, unless one is placed a few feet from the platform. His discourse contained much that was interesting and instructive to the general public; to well-informed musical people he had nothing to say that was new; but then I take it his lecture is not addressed to this class of the community. He explained the elements of beauty and order to be looked for in a musical composition, and with the aid of Mrs. Mallon gave several quotations in illustration of his teaching. Naturally as an example of thematic development or germ development the first movement of the C minor symphony of Beethoven was utilized in this way, and it was also held up as a remarkable instance of organic unity as a whole, both in spirit and design. The attendance was, it is to be regretted, small, and those present belonged to a class who for the most part could anticipate what the lecturer was going to say, but who were curious to hear what he would handle his subject.

The *Edinburgh Review* (January) criticizes the extraordinary egotism and self-consciousness which pervades Wagner's writings, most of which consist of "expositions and contemplations of his own genius, his own feelings, his own personality and history." The reviewer reminds those who are carried away by this very dominant self-assertion that the greatest artists, and particularly the great composers, have evinced a positive dislike and even inability to discuss their methods and their art. The greatest creative geniuses have been content with production, and have left theorizing and criticizing to others, says the reviewer; and he goes on to state that, according to analogy, there must be something factitious, something which, however striking and startling for the moment, will not stand the inquisition of time, in the work of a composer who so persistently produced and interpreted his own creations.

It will be interesting to pro-Wagnerites to learn that the authorities of the Madrid Opera House have decided to give a series of performances of Wagnerian music-drama after Easter. The programme is to give twenty-six representations during the month commencing April 15. Dr. Hans Richter and Dr. Muck of the Berlin Opera have been engaged as conductors and will take with them their principal singers and an orchestra selected from the bands of Vienna and Berlin. Of the twenty-six performances no fewer than twenty-four are to be devoted to the "Ring."

The coming season of grand opera in London, England, promises to be a duplicate of the New York season. Mr. Grau and his syndicate have already engaged the following artists for Covent Garden: Mme. Melba, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Miss De Lussan, Miss Bauermeister, Messrs. Jean and Edward de Reszke, M. Saleza, Herr Doppel, Herr Van Dyck, Mr. Bispham, M. Plancon, M. Van Rooy, and Signor Mancinelli. It is expected that Mme. Calve, Mme. Nordica, Frau Lehmann and other noted singers will also be secured.

An overflowing house greeted the choir at Bond street Congregational church on the occasion of their concert, given under the direction of Mr. A. B. Jury, organist and choirmaster, on Thursday evening, March 16. They were assisted by Miss Jessie Alexander, elocutionist, and Miss Nellie Walmesley, violinist. The popular numbers of Miss Alexander were greeted with marked appreciation, which is characteristic of her audiences wherever she appears. Miss Nellie Walmesley played Godard's *Adagio Pathétique* in a very artistic manner, giving it a scholarly interpretation. The numbers given by the

choir and quartette were executed in good style, the attack and phrasing showing the good work done by the leader, Mrs. A. B. Jury, the soloist of the choir, sang Denza's *May Morning*, which showed her good clear voice to advantage, and had to respond to a recall.

The London *Daily Chronicle* is responsible for the following:—The cosmopolitan world assembled at Nice had the satisfaction last Friday evening of listening to a spirited overture composed by the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and entitled *Influenza*, because it was written at the time when his Imperial Highness was a victim to that epidemic. It is described as a fine work, of considerable orchestral importance, and is said to have been received with unbounded enthusiasm.

The following extracts from a letter written by an English musician to the London *Musical Opinion* under the heading of "Quackery in the Musical Profession," will be of interest at this time:—

"Sir.—The principal cause of the above is doubtless the issuing of the local elementary certificates by the colleges, whether bogus or otherwise. At least ninety-five per cent of the children—big ones as well as little ones—have these in order to use them fraudulently.

If they were qualifying teachers' diplomas, they do so use them immediately they obtain them, even though they are only junior and senior pass certificates; for this purpose, parents so readily part with their guineas. This is the real cause of the qualified and trained teachers' poverty, and the consequent contempt in which they are held by the members of other protected professions. Does any other profession issue local certificates and allow them to be so fraudulently used? Not likely."

"I used to think that the successful passing of pupils in the local examinations of the Associated Board, T.C.L., R.A.M., or L.S.M., would bring me more pupils and better fees; but it has done exactly the reverse, and for the reasons just given. What fine thing it must be to be an examiner! I had a pupil recently—R.A.M.—but, before doing so, it had been called in to sit at one guinea each of one of the examiners! How nice! How such men must laugh, to be sure."

"Government registration is, I am convinced, the only plan to protect real musicians, who have to teach, from starvation now. The registration of the kind which till recently could be obtained from the Associated Board for the sum of two guineas yearly, I am glad to see is abolished, as it was being used—as the board may have known that it would be—as a diploma to teach, and no registration ever granted! Had a love to catch anything to do with it? Why not abolish their local examination certificates, which are being used as R.A.M. diplomas? Or try to stop the people from using them as such? Yours, etc."

"A DISCUSSED TEACHER OF MUSIC.
"December 10, 1898."

The references above to the guinea registration fiasco of the Associated Board are commended to the notice of our friend Mr. Samuel Aitken, who is still sojourning in our midst preparing a "pamphlet" on the subject which so greatly interests him.

The occasion of the first meeting between Patti and the divine Sarah is related by the woman who was a close companion of Patti at the table. "Immediately upon our arrival in Paris," she says, "Adelina was besought by several journalists to co-operate in a benefit to be given in aid of the obscure actress, Sarah Bernhardt, who had lost all her small possessions in fire. The Marquis of Caux did not at first like the idea of his wife singing for an actress of no renown, but at last he gave his consent. On the 5th of November, 1898, Adelina Patti sang at the Odéon theater for the benefit of Sarah Bernhardt. After the concert, the latter, clad in a black woollen gown, timidly approached the great singer and offered her a small bouquet, and being too shy to utter a word of thanks, she kissed her hand. Who would have guessed that so insignificant a girl would develop into the famous Sarah Bernhardt of to day, and astonish the world by her triumphs and her quarrels?"

I have just received some advance sheets of the new University Song Book from the committee of revision. The pages forwarded contain an excellent selection of songs, having special reference to the purpose for which they are intended, and in which one finds both the humorous and serious styles represented.

Several of the numbers are provided with banjo accompaniments, in the arrangement of which Mr. Smedley's services were called into requisition. The work has been some time in preparation, and it is expected will be ready for publication in about month. The committee may fairly be congratulated on the result of their labors.

Mr. Edward Breck, the Berlin correspondent of the New York *Times*, has been writing some uncomplimentary things about music in the German capital. He says it adores "squeaky-singing and playing out of tune." He adds, "I do not want to draw the conclusion from this appalling fact that the Germans are not musical, but only that they are less so, particularly the masses, than we are taught to believe. In most ways the Germans are certainly the most musical people in the world; in a great many others they are the most unusual. There is no country in the world where so much music can be heard; there is no country in the world where so much singing and playing out of key is tolerated, nay, enjoyed.

Here again the German national dullness of sense which precludes finish and *finesses*

comes in. . . . The German stands alone as a creative musician; as an interpretive artist he falls below the Slav, the Hungarian or the Latin; for the fire, the caressing touch, the *diablerie*, in a word, the artistic finish is not his; that failing instinct for the *nuance* which is the soul of artistic expression. Only of the pre-eminently classic is he a masterly interpreter, the music which allows of the least individuality on the artist's part, like Bach and Beethoven." As a further illustration he refers to the German bands which he says set their teeth on edge. Many of the fife corps in the Fatherland you may hear playing tunes a whole half tone too flat.

The readers of this column will be sorry to hear that Miss Carrie Lash, the popular contralto, has resigned her position as solo singer of St. Andrew's church choir, as a preparatory step to her leaving the city. Miss Lash will go into matrimonial partnership with Mr. J. H. Coburn, and the couple will make their home in Walkerton. Miss Lash has unobtrusively done good service in the cause of music in several of its branches both sacred and secular, and it is needless to say that she will be missed both by her numerous friends and the musical public generally.

Several concerts of artistic importance have yet to be given in Toronto before the season closes. Mme. Carreno, who has been absurdly called the "lioness" of the piano, will revisit the city this month, and Mr. Richard Burnster, one of the most musical of concert pianists, will be heard again in conjunction with the Fadettes' Women's Orchestra of Boston on April 6. The Massey Hall course will wind up in a blaze of glory with Mme. Nordica and the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Emil Paur, as the great attractions.

The recent death of the venerable actress, Mrs. Keeley, recalls the fact that as Miss Goward she sang the Mermaid's song in the original production of Weber's *Oberon* in London in 1826. She was then a young woman of about twenty years of age. Weber ordered that his song should be sung at the wing. At the rehearsal, Miss Goward not being able to see the conductor, the number went very badly. Fawcett, the stage manager, immediately cried out: "Cut it out; it won't go." Although Weber was dead ill at the time he would not submit to this. "I will show you how it will go," answered he, taking the baton himself. And he carried the singer and orchestra through together so successfully and with so charming an effect that the idea of cutting the song was out of the question. The late John Ella in his reminiscences said that Miss Goward received the composer's kiss of approval, but rather curiously refers to her as a little girl. Mrs. Keeley was the last of the members of the original cast of *Oberon*; they have all passed away.

Emil Sauer's recital in Ottawa on the 6th of April is to be under the following very distinguished patronage: His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Minto, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Sir Louis and Lady Davies, the Postmaster-General and Mrs. Mulock, Major-General and Mrs. Hutton, Hon. Clifford and Mrs. Sifton, Hon. Sydney Fisher, and others. This being the first grand musical event at the Capital after the Lenten season, it is anticipated that it will draw out one of the largest and most brilliant audiences of the season. Many people from a distance are going, and the very distinguished pianist will have a splendid reception at the Capital in the cosy and handsome Russell Theater.

Communications intended for notice in this column should reach the office of SATURDAY NIGHT not later than Tuesd 17 at noon in order to secure attention in the issue of the current week. They should be addressed to the Musical Editor.

CHERUBINO.

Now as to the illustrious ones whom we may expect to meet there: The Queen first, the Governors-General of the Dominion and Lieutenant-Governors of the provinces, military officers living and passed on, the civil, religious and educational leaders, those of U.E.L. fame, and lastly a valuable representation of women remarkable for many things.

Such matter needs no recommendation.

It will be carefully classified and catalogued, thus being intelligible to all, and arranged with taste and judgment.

Accompanying the display will be features of a social nature, as is meet; every

evening of an entertainment of some sort.

We like to speak strongly on the great educational value of such efforts. To those who provide them we are in great debtors.

It is a reflection on the past, which it is good for us to stop to contemplate in the midst of the rush of this present age, which is not remarkable for sentiment or for great deeds.

To the Woman's Art Association are due the rewards their works merit, and not least certainly to its indefatigable president. This is not the first of her efforts towards a more general diffusion of art knowledge. To those who have brought out to public view their friends and their treasures is due the appreciation of all.

JAN GRANT.

W. H. S. MACMILLAN.

MISS SARA LORD BAILEY.

MISS ANNIE E. JURY.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART.

MISS KATHARINE BIRNIE.

MISS L. PLUMMER—MODISTE.

MISS M. A. ARMSTRONG.

MISS N. WATKINS.

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MISS P. S. WELSMAN.

MISS R. RECHAB TANDY.

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MISS V. A. HARRISON.

MISS W. H. M. FIELD.

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MR. A. S. VOGT.

MR. H. M. FIELD.

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MISS M. H. MARTIN.

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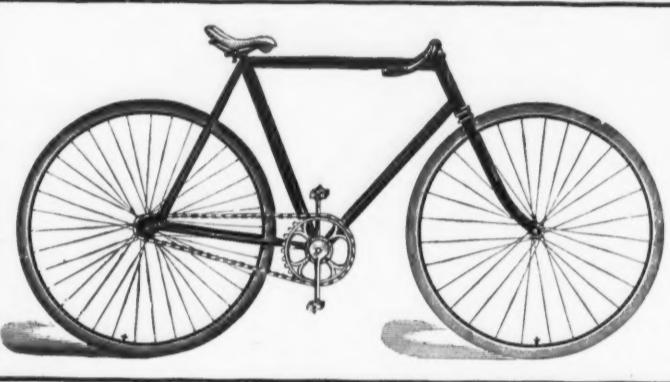
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Chainless	- -	\$85.00
Perfect	- -	\$65.00
Garden City	-	\$55.00
Dominion	-	\$45.00



The Chainless

is fast winning favor, and is without doubt the wheel for the coming season. The interest taken in it goes to show that the chain is doomed and that it will be replaced by the **Chainless**, which is stronger in construction, runs easier, and for hill climbing is unequalled. The gears are encased in dust proof and oil-retaining cases, keeping it free from dust and wet.

WELLAND VALE MFG. CO., Limited
ST. CATHARINES, Ont.

Toronto Store :

149 Yonge St.



It Pays to Pay for Quality.

And gentlemen who really appreciate the highest quality in custom tailored garments will more than prove the truth of this in an inspection of the very exclusive lines of fine quality woolens which Henry A. Taylor, Draper, the Rossin Block, is showing for this season's trade. He is showing some unique dressy novelties in suitings which gentlemen will not find anywhere else in the city, and he also makes a special feature of importings single-suit lengths in very high class goods. This precludes the possibility of any pattern becoming common, and, as he has proved in former seasons, an idea which is taken very kindly to. Mr. T. invites your inspection of his splendid stock any day you have a mind to call.

Somatose

contains all the albuminoid principles of the meat in an easy soluble form. It is recognized by the highest German medical authorities as a health-giving strengthening food.

DOMINION DYEWOOD
& CHEMICAL CO.
TORONTO.

Sole Agents and Depot for Canada

Our Easter
... Display

Trusts and Guarantee
Co., Limited.
Capital - - \$2,000,000

Offices and Safe Deposit Vaults :
TRUSTS & GUARANTEE BUILDING
14 King Street West, Toronto

PRESIDENT—J. R. STRATTON, M.P.P.

VICE-PRESIDENTS—J. C. KARN, Esq.

The Company is chartered to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Trustee, Assessor, Committee of Lunatics, Receiver and General Fiduciary Agent for investments of money, management of estates, issuing and collecting bonds, &c.

Trust Accounts kept separate from assets of company.

Safe deposit boxes of all sizes to rent at reasonable rates. Wills appointing the company executors received for safe keeping without charge.

Solicitors sending business to the company are retained in the professional care thereof.

Correspondence kept separate from assets of company.

Call 149 Yonge St. Tel. 3423

Easter Novelties

It will pay you in point of satisfaction and money-saving to visit us early and make your selection.

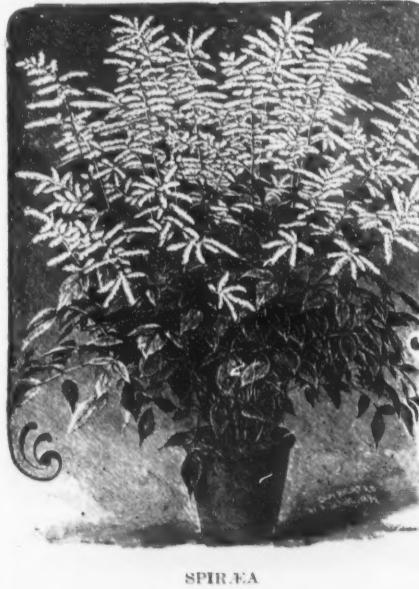
Sterling Silver Bookmarks

from 25c. up

Sterling Silver Easter Spoons

from 25c. up

SGHEUER'S
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL JEWELLERS
90 YONGE ST.



Plants in Bloom for Easter

Spinax, Calla Lilies, Azaleas, Begonias, Fuchsias &c., ranging in price from 35c. to \$1.50.

PALMS, Araucarias, Ferns and other decorative plants, from 25c. up.

CALL' AND SEE OUR STOCK

Sweet Peas Sow our ROYAL PRIZE MIXTURE and you will have the best flowers in Canada

Price per oz., 10c.; 1/4 lb., 20c.; 1 lb., 60c.

Sow Queen City Lawn Grass and you will soon have a nice green grassy carpet, per lb. 25c.

The STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO.
LIMITED
130 & 132 King Street East



Choice of the Cultured

People of Canada who are resolved on having the indisputably best in a concert grand or upright piano will select a

HEINTZMAN & CO.
PIANO

All the great artists of the day make this instrument their particular choice.

"Your new scale grand piano occupies a distinctive place among the great pianos of the world." — RICHARD BURMEISTER.

117 KING STREET WEST

For Easter the Boys Want New Suits

We have put into stock this week a most extensive variety of New York and London style suits for boys. The selection is ample, and mothers of boys will take great pleasure in choosing from so great a variety.



OAK HALL Clothiers

115 to 121 King Street East

Toronto

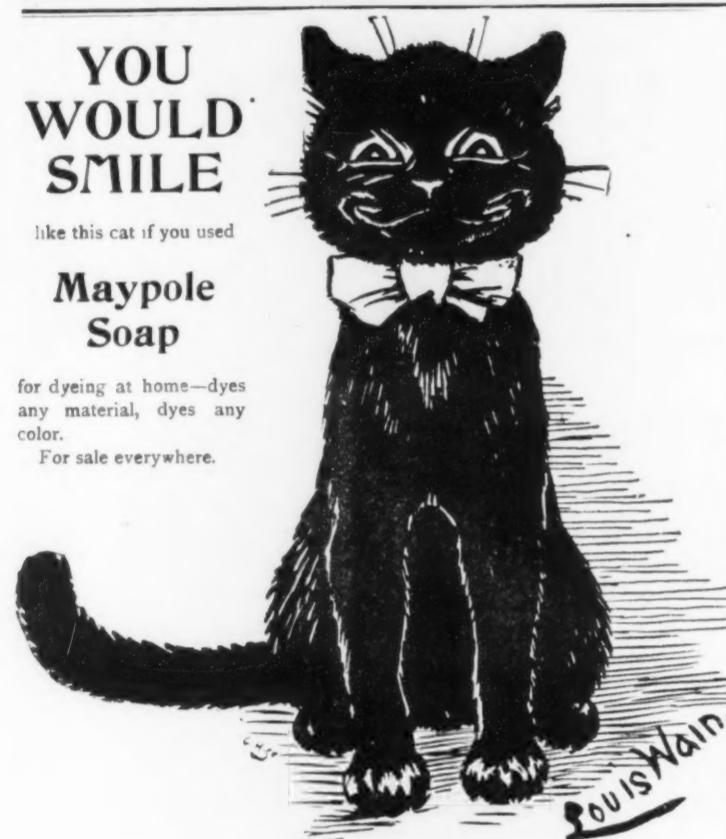
**YOU
WOULD
SMILE**

like this cat if you used

**Maypole
Soap**

for dyeing at home—dyes any material, dyes any color.

For sale everywhere.



FREE book on Home Dyeing on addressing

Canadian Depot: 8 Place Royale, Montreal

Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Effingham Mason have moved into their new home, No. 24 Grosvenor street, where Mrs. Mason and her sister, Miss Dack, will be at home the first, second and third Tuesday in each month.

Lieut. R. H. Ryan, King's Canadian Hussars, was the guest last week of Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton, corner of Bathurst

and Adelaide streets. Having finished a brilliant and very successful course at Stanley Barracks, he left on Monday evening to take a position on the staff of the District Officer Commanding, Halifax, N.S.

Mr. Aurel Batonyi will not come to the Horse Show, as he is up to his ears in business in New York, and has lessons and engagements every day. Driving has become a fad, four-in-hand driving an en-

Messrs. Hemmings & Sons, the large manufacturers of Art Embroidery Silks, are giving free lessons in silk work at their Canadian agency, 52 Bay street, Toronto. Samples of some of the finest silk work in America are on exhibition at their offices.

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LADIES. PLEASE NOTICE

FREE LESSONS IN SILK WORK

THE
WATERS HUB
USED ON THE '99
GENDRON

ALLOWS

The front wheel to be taken out without spreading the front forks.

*

The rear wheel in a ladies' model can be taken out without even removing chain from front sprocket.

*

Our new Catalogue tells all about it.

Th. GENDRON MFG. CO., Limited

TORONTO
ONT.

thusiasm; the bicycle and the horseless carriage seem only to have increased the ardor of the horse-lover. Consequently Mr. Batonyi, peerless in the art, is the rage, and finds himself booked for months and even years in advance. His books on driving have proved him master of the science and are eagerly sought after by his admirers who desire to follow on to success as drivers of that smartest turn-out on wheels, a four-in-hand coach.

The "Fair Maids of Perth" are giving a dance next Tuesday evening at Listowel.

On Friday afternoon of last week a gay little company was gathered at Mrs. Hees' handsome home in St. George street to meet Mr. Howard Martin and Mr. Houghton. Among those who enjoyed the impromptu tea were: Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. MacPherson, Mrs. W. Goulding, Mrs. Huick Garratt, Dr. Garratt, Miss Jeanie Wallbridge, Miss Helen Armstrong, Miss Laing, and Mr. Finucane. Miss Florence Tonkin, a wonderfully sweet and charming girl, did the honors with her pretty sister-in-law-elect, and Mrs. Hees, though suffering from a bad attack of cold, was also kindly hospitable.

Miss Helen Cattanach returned from Ottawa on Tuesday after a pleasant visit to St. Louis and Lady Davies.

Miss Annie Elliott left on Thursday afternoon to spend Easter with friends in St. George.

The visit of Mr. George Meagher to Ottawa last week gave the citizens an opportunity of seeing skating such as poets' dreams are made of. The grace and skill of his ex-pupil, Lady Minto, were never realized so fully as when she displayed them in company with her teacher. Mr. Meagher has been abroad for some time, in fact about ever since his last visit in Toronto, and has instructed many exalted personages in the graceful pastime which he has raised to an art.

A number of the posters sent in to the W. A. A. in the competition announced will be displayed for a week in the windows of the store of the Auer Light Company, Yonge street. Among them will be the three successful ones. The first prize (\$15) was awarded to the poster by Miss Muntz; second prize (\$10) to Miss Marie Parke; third prize (\$5) to Miss Stella Kerr. Four other posters received

Hercules

**Wire
Beds**

More resilient and stronger than any other bed made.

The Standard of the world, as cheap as the common kinds.

Manufactured by Gold Medal Furniture Mfg. Co., Limited, Toronto and Montreal.

Clean Linen

Obtain it by sending your laundering to the

**Rolston
Laundry**

168-174 King St. West

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LADIES. PLEASE NOTICE

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Messrs. Hemmings & Sons, the large manufacturers of Art Embroidery Silks, are giving free lessons in silk work at their Canadian agency, 52 Bay street, Toronto. Samples of some of the finest silk work in America are on exhibition at their offices.

Phone 141. 52 BAY STREET.

honorable mention, those designed by Mrs. Carter, Miss Springer, Miss McConnell and Miss G. Brown.

Mr. Roebotham has recently returned from a visit in New York, where he happened to be at the time of the fire at the Windsor. He is now a much sought after raconteur at five o'clock teas, and the pretty women shudder and say, "Oh, go on; tell us some more!" when he recounts the wonderful rescues effected by Go-ham's brave brigades. And he does it capitally, too, for, like everyone else, he was immensely impressed and overcome by the tragedy and its incidents.

The Relief of Eye Weaknesses.

One of the disadvantages of our system of civilization is the unnatural strain put upon the eye. The continual concentration of the eye upon small objects, as in reading, writing, etc., is more than the human optic was originally intended for,

and has caused the wide spread of shortsightedness and other troublesome and injurious eye weaknesses.

It is comforting to know that human skill and knowledge may overcome human weakness and that it is possible to get a pair of glasses at a reasonable price and be sure at the same time that they are suited to one's individual case. Mr. F. E. Luke, proprietor of the Toronto Optical Parlors, 88 Yonge street, upstairs, is an accomplished optician of long and successful experience and is equipped with all the modern optical instruments for scientific diagnosis and treatment and devotes his whole time to this one thing alone, and guarantees the spectacles he provides in any case to be absolutely correct.

In the same apartments is the office of Dr. W. E. Hamill, the well known oculist, with whom Mr. Luke has a business association, whereby his patrons, if necessary, may consult Dr. Hamill regarding their glasses without extra cost, thus putting the most difficult case in the grasp of science. The patrons of the Toronto Optical Parlors are assured that they will be no greater than they would have to undergo at the hands of the jeweler, who makes at best only a side line of spectacles.

For EYE TROUBLES

Consult Toronto's Leading Optician, who will tell you if glasses are required or not.

MRS. E. F. GREENWOOD.

MAIN FLOOR, 88 YONGE STREET

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSEMBLY HALL

COR. YONGE AND RICHMOND STS.

IS HIGHLY ADAPTED FOR

AT HOMES, BANQUETS

ASSEMBLIES, LECTURES

REHEARSALS, CONVENTIONS, ETC.

The accommodation in connection with the above Hall is of the highest order, heated by gas, lighted by Electricity, ventilated by Electric Fans; large Dining-room and Kitchen with range. Also retiring and dressing-rooms on the same floor.

For full particulars apply to

A. M. CAMPBELL,

CONFEDERATION BUILDING, 8 RICHMOND ST. EAST.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

EASTER RATES

Round trip tickets will be issued as follows:

GENERAL PUBLIC

Single First-Class Fare

Going March 30th to April 3rd, inclusive, returning up to and including April 4th, 1899.

TERRITORY—From stations, Mackenzie, S. S. Marie, Mich., De rote, Mich., and stations east; to all stations Fort William, Ont.; S. S. Marie, Mich., Detroit, Mich., and east, and to, but not from, Buffalo, N. Y., Black Rock, N. Y., Suspension Bridge, N. Y., and Niagara Falls, N. Y.

TEACHERS AND STUDENTS (On surrender of certificates signed by principal)

Single First-Class Fare and One-Third

Between stations west of Montreal, and Single First-Class Fare and One-Third to Montreal added to Single First-Class

Fare from Montreal

from stations west of Montreal to Quebec, Lewis and New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Going March 17th to April 1st, inclusive, returning up to and including April 10th, 1899.

C. E. MCPHERSON, A.G.P.A.

1 King St. East, Toronto

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

EXCURSIONS TO PACIFIC COAST

TORONTO TO

San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Jose, Seattle, Tacoma, Wash., N. Westminster, Vancouver, Victoria, B. C., Portland, Ore.—One way, second class, going any date, \$44.30; return, first class, going April 4th and 18th, returning within 21 days, \$76.55.

One way, second class, going any date, \$26.35; return, first class, going April 4th and 18th, returning within 21 days \$52.55.

One way, second class, going any date, \$18.00; return, first class, going April 4th and 18th, returning within 21 days \$36.00.

Single Tickets Issued any Date.

Tickets via Chicago and North Bay.

Tickets and information from agents G. T. R. System.

M. C. DICKSON, Dist. Pass. Agent, Toronto.

J. YOUNG

(ALEX. MILLARD)

The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers

359 YONGE ST. TELEPHONE 671

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

SYNGE—March 20, Mrs. Charles Syngé—a daughter.

PEPPER—March 20, Mrs. F. E. Pepper—a daughter.

MAJOR—March 20, Mrs. Ed. Major—a daughter.

STEWART—March 20, Mrs. W. Stewart—a son.

ADAMS—March 20, Mrs. J. Frank Adams—a son.

KNOTT—March 20, Mrs. James Knott—a son.

VERITY—King, March 16, Mrs. F. H. Verity—a son.

DALLMORE—March 18, Mrs. E. Dallmore—a son.

PEACOCK—March 22, Mrs. W. C. Peacock—a son.

BROPHY—March 20, Mrs. W. A. Brophy—a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

STEVENSON—WESTON—March 23, Hugh H. Stevenson to Fanny G. Weston.

POSTLETHWAITE—HAYNES—March 27, Frank W. Postlethwaite to May Frances Haynes.

SMITH DUNN—March 29, Dr. Geo. B. Smith to Eva Dunn.

DEATHS.

BROWN—Owen Sound, March 22, Algina Marion Brown.

HUGHES—March 24, Patrick Hughes, J. P.

SHEPPARD—March 25, William Sheppard, aged 80.

WAKEFIELD—March 25, Mary Wakefield, aged 80.

ARBUINOT—March 25, John Arbuinot, aged 82.

GARRETT—Port Hope, March 22, Thomas Garrett, aged 76.

MCLEAN—March 27, Archibald George McLean, aged 70.

MACKENZIE—March 28, Dolly MacKenzie, aged 80.

WALLACE—March 26, Rev. Robert Wallace, aged 78.

CUTTELL—March 25, John B. Cuttell, aged 81.

PETTIT—Grimby, March 25, A. H. Pettit, aged 83.

SUMMERS—March 26, John Summers, aged 76.

MCKENZIE—March 26, Ronald McKenzo, aged 41.

SPUR—March 26, William Henry Theodore Spur, aged 34.